



No. 584.—Vol. XLV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1904.

SIXPENCE.

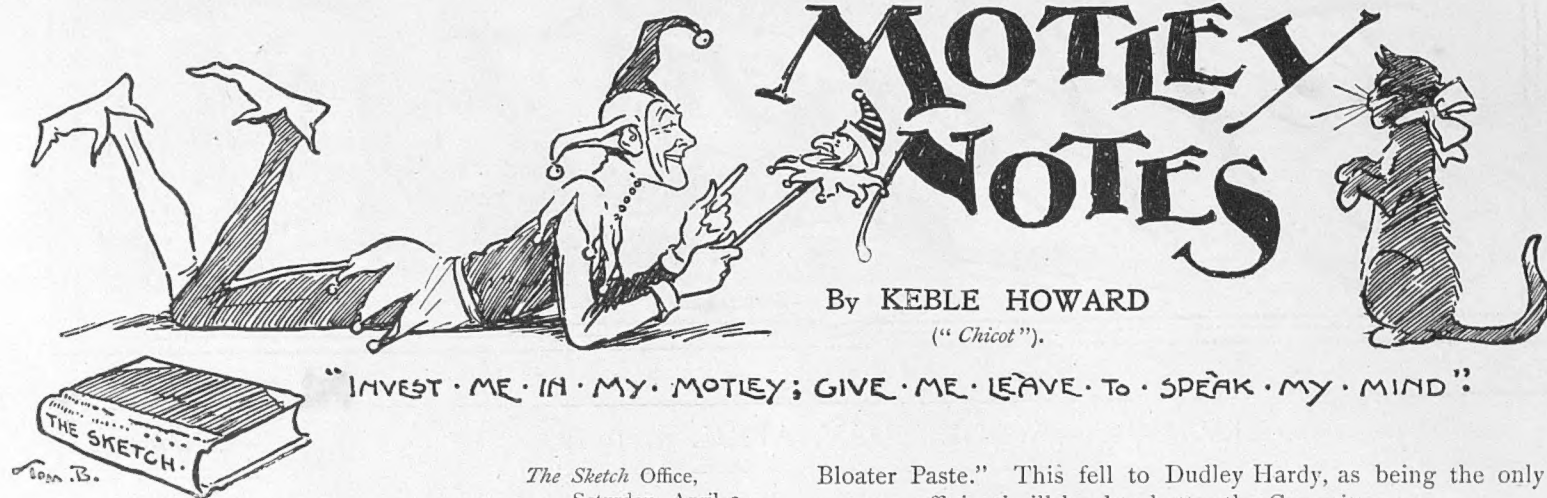


MISS JULIA NEILSON,

APPEARING AS "SUNDAY" IN THE NEW PLAY OF THAT NAME AT THE COMEDY.

*Photograph by Elliot and Fryer, Baker Street W.*





The Sketch Office,  
Saturday, April 2.

THE gentlemen who work in banks have always taken a high place in my esteem, partly because they deal so accurately and so patiently with masses of figures, but still more for the reason that they are consistently successful in resisting temptation. Every now and then, we know, some weakling succumbs, but the vast majority hold their own and leave other people's in the strong-room. Therefore, I repeat, the bank-clerk never fails to win my admiration; at the same time, it has remained for the staff of the Bank of British West Africa, Bathurst, to deepen my esteem into a feeling that more nearly resembles affection. Call it vanity, if you like, but when I gaze upon the photograph reproduced upon page 408 of this issue, a tear starts to my eye, and I recognise, in each one of the noble fellows there pictured, a kinsman and a brother. For some reason or another (let us assume modesty if we have it not), this paper has always been particularly popular in the Colonies. Almost every mail brings some kindly letter, some token of appreciation. Little did we think, however, as day by day, week by week, we built up the volumes of *The Sketch*, that the Bank of British West Africa, Bathurst, insisted on the glorious motto, "One man, one copy." Hail to you, gentlemen! We return to our labours with lightened hearts and quickened pulses.

And, now that I am in an egotistical mood, I may as well refer to a letter that has reached me from a Calcutta correspondent who is hypocrite enough to sign himself "Devoted Admirer." "You ought to have embarked," says this wily flatterer, "on a course of your own. Publish a halfpenny paper entitled *Motley Notes* for five days, and the sixth number insert in *The Sketch* as usual." But why, asks the reader, allude to the gentleman in terms so equivocal? True, he has flattered you grossly, but it seems a little ungrateful to suspect his enthusiasm. . . . Be patient. I admit that the first part of my correspondent's letter delighted me almost as much as the photograph from Bathurst; the second half, on the other hand, brought a scowl to my brow and caused me to cry out on the universal depravity of human nature. For the fellow continues: "May I send you some 'Motley Notes' about India?" Now, do you understand my indignation? "I am an Englishman," he protests, "unmarried, young, healthy, good-looking, keen sense of humour. Have lived in India eight years. Travelled extensively. Arrived at the logical conclusion that life in India can be enjoyed by possessing not less than six hundred rupees a-month. My income is considerably less. . . ." Together with more to the same effect. No, sir, you may not send me any notes, motley or otherwise. You are a serpent! I hate you! Bah!

The Annual Smoker of the London Sketch Club took place, under the presidency of Jack Hassall, R.I., on Monday evening of this week. The President, nobly assisted by Dudley Hardy, René Bull, Starr Wood, Lee Hankey, and other distinguished members of the Club, went to the trouble of arranging an elaborate Gymkhana for the occasion. Owing to a stupid mistake on the part of the programme-printers, however, the Gymkhana actually took place on the previous Saturday, no member of the London Sketch Club being present at the time. Even printers, however, cannot always succeed in spoiling sport, and the prizes were presented, therefore, just as though they had been competed for and won in the ordinary way. A distinguished General, who happened to be present as a guest, secured the prize for throwing the sledge-hammer. This took the form of "One rich Case of Tin-Tax, offered by Moscow Society of Philharmonic." A good deal of interest, too, centred in the second prize for the Long Jump, an unique reward described on the official programme as a "Fire-escape Blanket, nearly new, has carried a lady." Perhaps the most valuable memento of the occasion, however, was a "Massive and Fancy Jar of

Bloater Paste." This fell to Dudley Hardy, as being the only man present sufficiently ill-bred to butter the Committee.

The Rev. John Kemp, a dissenting minister whose scorn of notoriety encourages him to speak boldly on social questions, has deserted the threadbare subject of mixed bathing for the more genial topic of mixed dancing. Preaching on "Temptation and the Moral Aspect of Dancing" at the Immanuel Baptist Chapel, Southsea, he distinguished between the religious dance, such as delighted David, and the social dance. There was no evil in the latter, he maintained, so long as the men danced in one room and the women in another. Mr. Kemp, evidently, is a man to be encouraged, but I am afraid his views will not find much favour in the eyes of the modern hostess. There are many men, myself among the number, who would be quite willing to coincide with the idea. That is to say, we should be quite willing to remain in the smoking-room whilst the women danced their little feet off in the ball-room. For lack of more Kemps, however, we feel compelled, at present, to countenance the "commingling of the sexes."

With the coming of April, one discovers that the cycle still holds a place in the affections of Englishmen. At any rate, it was only two days ago that I heard a group of men discussing, with loving exaggeration, the pleasures and pains of cycling. The pains, perhaps, loomed larger than the pleasures in their conversation, but one made allowances for the natural desire on the part of quasi-sportsmen to pose in heroic limelight.

"Oh, well," said one, "it's all very well to talk of accidents, but you ought to have ridden an old-fashioned high machine. There was some sport in the cycling of those days, if you like."

"I have always understood," said another, "that the high machines were safe enough if you just put your legs over the handles. When anything happened, the rider simply fell on his feet."

"Did he?" sneered the first, puffing excitedly at an empty pipe. "That's all you know about it, my friend. I rode a high machine for years, and I believe I landed heavily on every part of my body except my feet."

"I don't cycle much myself," said a small, quiet man, "but isn't it possible to have a serious accident with the modern machine?"

The old-fashioned cyclist snorted contemptuously. "Certainly not," he replied, "unless the rider happens to be a born idiot." I was glad, then, that I had remained silent, for my memory was busy with a certain catastrophe that might well have . . .

I was a schoolboy at the time, and I had borrowed the machine from the village butcher. There were a few spokes missing from the back-wheel, he explained, but I assured him that a spoke or two more or less mattered not a jot. My companion was of the same opinion—and the same age—so that we started off without a qualm. Presently we came to a long hill, steep at first, and winding across a bridge as it led to the level. "Race you down!" said my dear friend. "Go ahead!" I retorted, and began to pedal down the steep part of the hill with all my might. At first he gained; then I overtook him. Finally I passed him; the bridge came in sight. "Hurrah!" I thought; "he's always beaten me before, but it's my turn to-day." I looked round, noted that he was thirty yards behind, and the next moment I was sailing through the air to the accompaniment of a terrific crash. . . . When I had bathed my knee, pinned my garments together, and discovered the whereabouts of the butcher's bicycle, I collected the fragments of the back-wheel and proceeded to hobble homewards. The incident remained in my memory for some years, and then, graciously enough, faded away. It returned in a flash, however, when the old-fashioned rider made that remark about the born idiot.



"HOW TO KEEP YOUR EYE IN DURING THE WINTER."

ARTICLE BY A POPULAR ATHLETE IN A POPULAR MONTHLY.



RESULTS OF READING AFORESAID ARTICLE.

RECORDED BY FRANK REYNOLDS.





*Easter Holidays—The Ranelagh Club—Three New Clubs.*

THE ladders are up against the houses, and the painter and decorator is, for the moment, the man in possession of Mayfair. London at Easter is, nowadays, more empty than it is in August,

for every Londoner of wealth, though he neglects his country-house during the months of the roses, when the gardens are at their loveliest, visits it when the crocuses are in bloom. This year the Easter holidays have not been heralded by the advent of those swallows of amusement, the schoolboys in their white collars and black jackets, for most of the great Public Schools are keeping the lads at their work until the middle of April, in order to make a better division of the terms.

One of the sure signs that spring has come is that the members of Ranelagh have received from their Committee an account of the work which has been done during the winter. The great suburban Club at Barn Elms now boasts three polo-grounds, and many minor improvements have been made. I am rejoiced to read that the Barnes entrance to the Club grounds has been widened and a new cab-stand made, for often I have gone in fear of my life of carriage-wheels, and have been mercilessly splashed when walking to the Club, and when I have permitted myself the luxury of a cab for the afternoon the search for it when I wished to drive home has been like the search for a needle in a haystack.

Various new Clubs are to come into being during spring. The New Almack's, which is one of these Clubs, has an aristocratic ring about its name, and it purposes to be very select. A certain number of the elect are invited to belong, and their subscription is to be a small one. They in their turn invite other, though lesser, "stars" of the Society firmament to become members at a rather larger subscription. It will be interesting to see how this plan works, and whether the New Almack's, which is for both sexes, will be a power in the land as the old one was.

Another experiment is going to be tried with the Club-house at the corner of Coventry Street and Whitcomb Street which has had so many ups-and-downs, for, as the Walsingham, it hopes to bring

together into one fold the worlds of the Stage and of Society. The members of the Committee are mostly smart young men of fashion who are welcome in the green-rooms of theatres as well as in the drawing-rooms of great hostesses, and, if the amalgamation of the two worlds is possible, the Walsingham stands a better chance of effecting it than any Club which has been established since the Walsingham that is to be first opened its doors as the Lyric and drew together a very notable band of members.

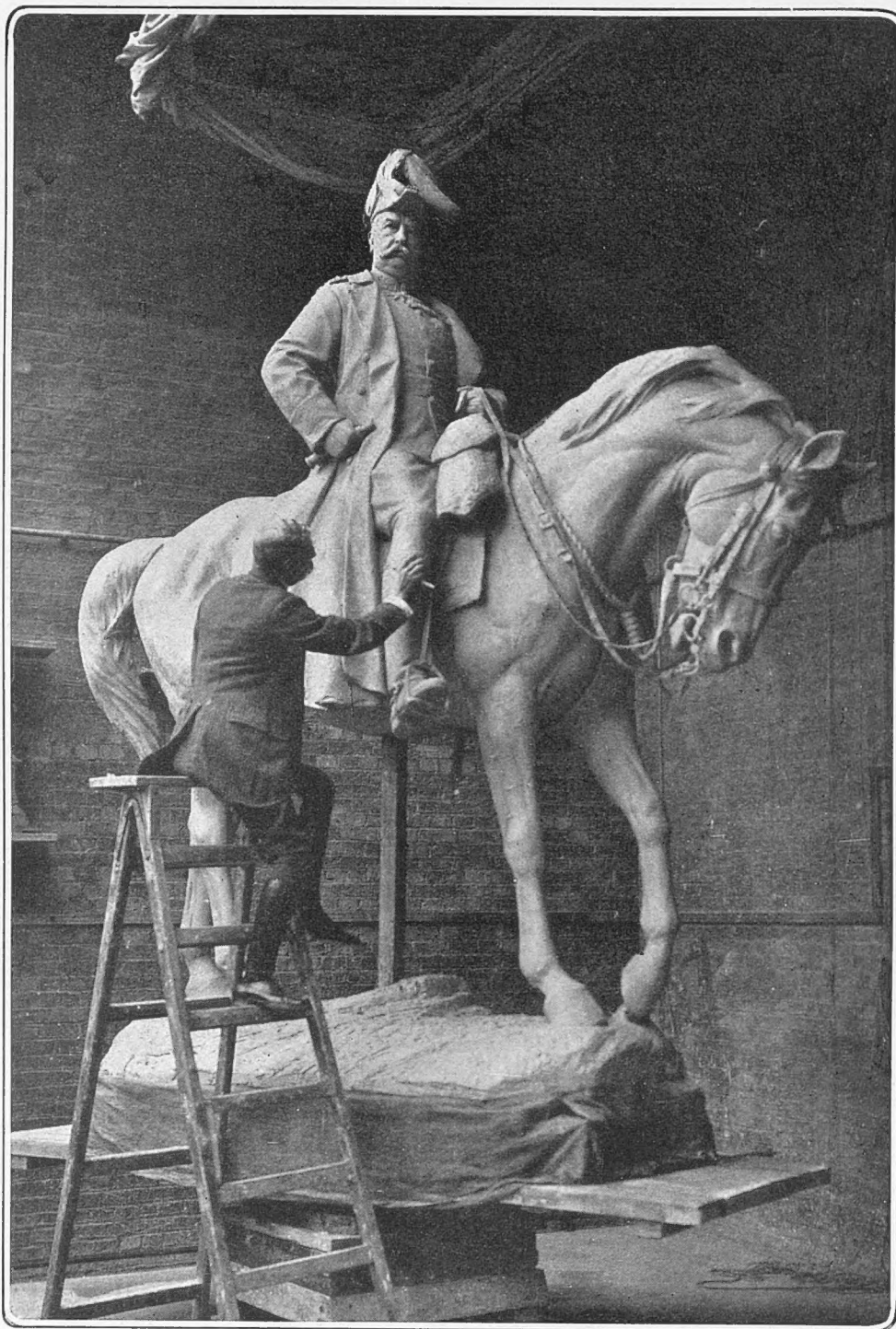
There is also talk of the resuscitation of the Pelican Club, and the founder of the first Club of that name is said to have found a satisfactory house not far from the old premises in Denman Street. The first Pelican succeeded because it was the outcome of a revival of the Tom and Jerry spirit of a past generation, and many of the young men about town of that day, now quiet, tubby, grey-haired men, felt an

inclination to patronise boxing and to be true bloods and real Corinthians. Many of the shining lights of every kind of sport belonged to the Club, and the collection of trophies of all kinds which graced the walls of the one big living-room was interesting and really valuable. There was always amusing company to be found in the early hours of the morning at the Pelican, and more good stories had their rise there than ever came forth from the Stock Exchange, which is said to be the birthplace of all amusing tales.

Whether a new Pelican is possible in these days I do not know. The present generation takes its pleasures in a different manner from the old one. Whether to sit in the "Sammy" box at the Adelphi or the Savoy, and to throw chocolates and flowers to the line of pretty actresses who sing that there is "something doing around their hearts" when he, the Sammy of the evening, is present, is more ennobling than to watch two lads from Whitechapel pound each other with three-ounce gloves, I would not pretend to decide, but certainly the typical young man of the day is less robust and less noisy than the band who followed the lead of "Hughie," who had brains enough and wit enough to have aspired to the Ministerial Bench of the House of Commons if he had not

preferred to charm and amuse Bohemia instead. In those days and in the days of the generation before, the Raleigh was a Club at which there was sometimes strange doings in the early hours of the morning. Now, as quiet a set of Clubmen talk racing and Bridge in the Gazing-room as is to be found in all Clubland. The days of noise and horse-play in Clubs have passed.

The Savages are very gentle wild-men, and the Eccentrics show their eccentricity chiefly by subscribing liberally to charities. It will be interesting, if the Pelican comes again into existence, to see whether the spirit of Corinth is alive under the white waistcoats with gold buttons of the young men of to-day.



MR. ADRIAN JONES AT WORK UPON HIS EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, WHICH WILL SHORTLY BE UNVEILED AT EXETER.

*Photograph by Bulbeck and Co., Strand.*

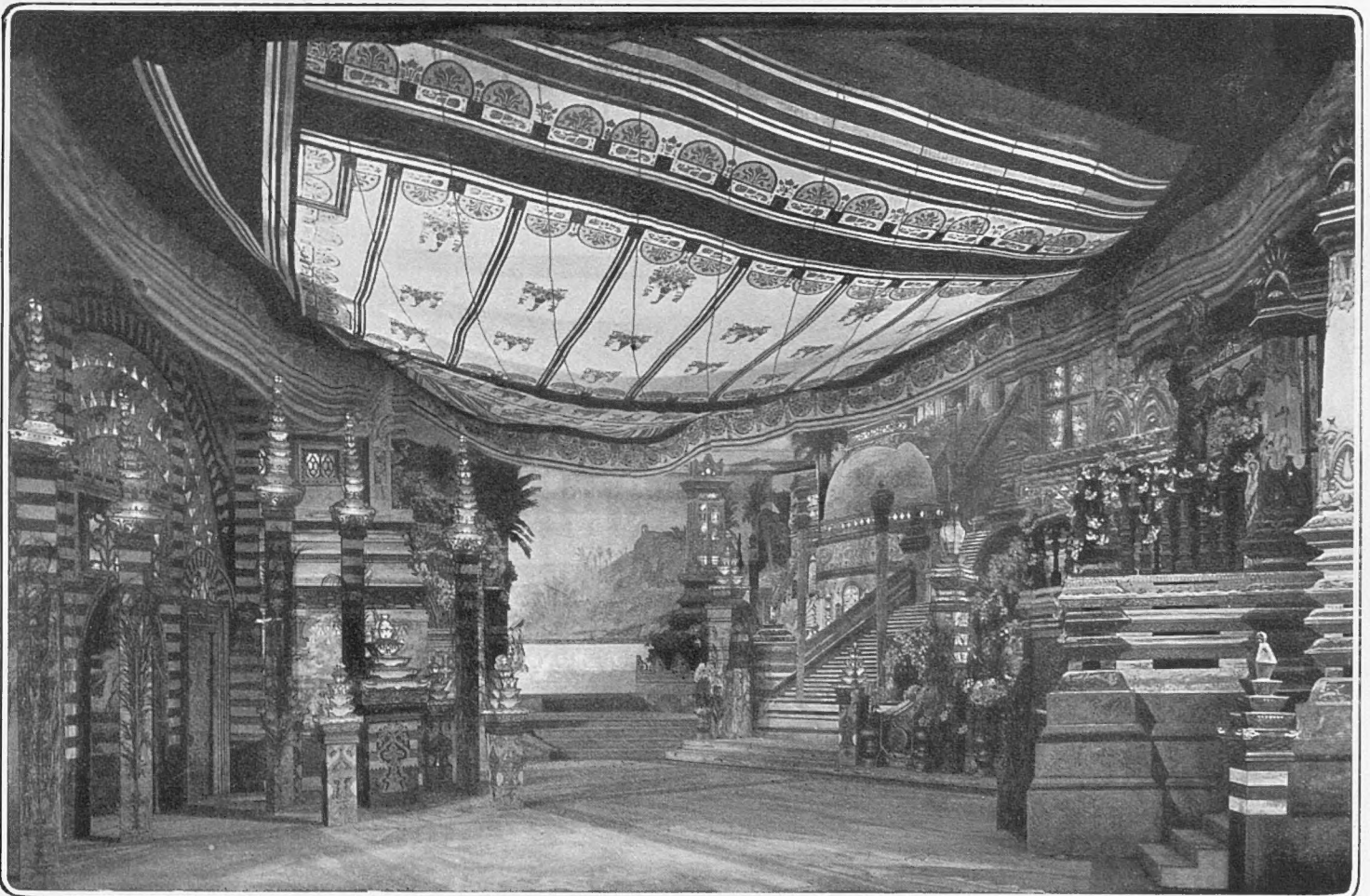


THE TWO BEAUTIFUL SCENES IN "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.

PAINTED BY HAWES CRAVEN.



ACT I.—VEREKER'S TEA-PLANTATION.



ACT II.—OUTSIDE BOOBHAMBA'S PALACE.

*Photographs by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.*



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 and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 8.50 in THE ARM OF THE LAW.  
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April 6, 1904.

Signature.....

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### TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

### TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length) and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

### TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

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With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

Preliminary letters are not desired.

No use will be made of circular matter.

Whenever possible, business should be conducted by post. The Editor cannot receive visitors except by appointment.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS APRIL 9.

### JAPANESE MILITARY MOVEMENTS IN KOREA.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

EIGHT-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT—

## THE EVOLUTION OF AN IRONCLAD. Easter Customs on the Continent.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS APRIL 9.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

NOT for many years past have our King and Queen been able to pay so long a joint visit to Denmark as that which now gladdens the Danish Court and the venerable Sovereign who is not only the *doyen* of Crowned Heads, but who on Friday (8th) celebrates his eighty-sixth birthday. It was a very different Europe in the year 1818 from what it is now, and how astonished would the world of that day have been had they known that the baby son of Duke

William of Schleswig-Holstein would live to see himself not only a King, but the father of a reigning Sovereign, of an Empress, and of a Queen Consort! Christian IX. still retains the look of vigour and youth which he has transmitted in so remarkable degree to his eldest daughter, our own gentle Queen, and it is said to be quite possible that he will pay a return visit to King Edward and the Queen in the course of the summer.

### *An Imperial Photograph.*

Photography has long been a Royal hobby, and our own Queen's love of sun-pictures is shared by her nephew, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who is one of the most enthusiastic amateurs in the world. When such a gathering as that which is taking place in Denmark this week occurs, each Royal photographer appears at frequent intervals with his or her camera, and the Grand Duke has a speciality for groups. The only brother of the Czar does not much believe in the policy of "You push the button and we do the rest," excellent though it is; he knows every process connected with the art of photography, and probably has as large a choice of cameras as any man living. Bernstorff, where His Imperial Highness took the photograph which we are able to reproduce, is the favourite country home of the Danish Royal Family, and there, although the Castle is comparatively small, King Christian always entertains each year parties of his grandchildren, of whom the Grand Duke is one of the favourites.

### *The Spring Courts.*

The Spring Courts will certainly be far more brilliant than those which would have taken place before Easter but for the lamented death of the Duke of Cambridge. Quite a record number of aristocratic brides will be presented on their marriage, and the group will probably be headed by pretty Princess Alexander of Teck, who will, of course, at once take her place among the Royalties without undergoing the ordeal of a Presentation. It is said that the Duchess of Norfolk will enjoy a private Presentation to their Majesties, but the Duchess of Roxburghe will be presented by her mother-in-law. Among bridal Peeresses are Lady Denman, Lady Kensington, and two fair Americans—Lady Monson and Lady Bagot. Quite an extraordinary number of elder sons have lately become Benedicts, and their brides include, to quote but a few, Lady Kerry, Lady Helmsley, Lady Fincastle, and Lady Herbert.

### *Some Débutantes of 1904.*

Several daughters of Dukes make their début this year, including the youngest member of the Duke of Richmond's large family, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox; Lady Eileen Wellesley, the pretty, graceful daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington; and Lady Olga Osborne, who is said to be very like her mother, the Duchess of Leeds, at the same age. The most beautiful of coming débutantes is thought to be Lady Viola Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's only daughter and a niece of some of the most noted middle-aged beauties in Society. A Presentation which is sure to be of interest to the Court world is that of Her Majesty's god-daughter, Miss Alexandra Bertie, a niece of Lord Wolverton and the only daughter of pretty Lady Norreys. Very fair and graceful is Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, the only child of Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox; and Lady Minto will bring out her two daughters, the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot.

### *The Coming Season.*

The coming Season, according to the optimists, is to be quite exceptionally brilliant and successful. Already all sorts of wonderful charity fêtes are announced as going to take place, including a great bazaar at the Royal Albert Hall in support of the Royal Hospital for Children, and a game of Living Bridge having as background the National Skating Palace; while the new Lady Alington's much-discussed Fancy-head Party has apparently suggested a Head-dress Ball, of which the proceeds are to be given to a popular charity, and of which the organisers include Lady Pembroke, Lady Lansdowne, and the Duchess of Beaufort.



Princess Victoria: The Dowager Empress of Russia.

The Duchess of Cumberland.

The Queen of England.

ROYAL GROUP TAKEN AT BERNSTORFF CASTLE BY THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.



*Four Generations.* Many people were doubtless astonished when they read in the *Court Circular* that the King had given his assent to the marriage of Princess Alexandra of Cumberland to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. That this formality took place was owing to the fact that the Duke of Cumberland is a Prince of our Blood Royal, and, as such, subject in all family matters to the British Sovereign. The venerable Queen of Hanover is regarded with the deepest affection and respect by the whole of our Royal Family. She has lived the greater part of her long life in exile rather than give in to what she considers the unfair claims of Prussia, and this although she is German by birth and tenderly attached to her native land. Queen Marie has been singularly blessed in her children and in her children-in-law. Our gentle Queen's youngest sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, is devoted to her husband's mother, and her granddaughters are never happier than when spending an hour with their grandmother at her villa at Gmünden, which is close to her son's splendid castle. As yet, only one of the Duke of Cumberland's children is married; this is his eldest daughter, now Princess Max of Baden. It is hoped that the Duke and Duchess and their younger children will spend a portion of the Season in England, where they have not been for some years and where they would receive a warm welcome from Society.

Even in the present Government there is one Minister whom opponents sometimes praise. Everyone paid compliments to Mr. Graham Murray when he brought in the Education Bill for Scotland. His Bill stirred the envy of English and Welsh Nonconformists and satisfied the Scottish Liberals, for it retains School Boards, though their administrative area has been enlarged, and it leaves them to decide whether rate-aid will be given to Denominational Schools. The main scheme of the measure was prepared while Lord Balfour of Burleigh was at the Scotch Office. Lord Balfour is a Presbyterian, but Mr. Graham Murray is, as the Scotch say, an Episcopalian, and yet he has not departed from tradition. He introduced his Bill just as he might have opened a case in Court, whirling his pince-nez and rarely looking at his scribbled notes. It is surprising that his services are not more frequently employed in debate, seeing that he is a clever, cool man, with a crisp style of speech. The wonder is the greater in view of the fact that he is a personal friend of the Prime Minister. But, once a Scotch lawyer, you are supposed to know only Scotch law.

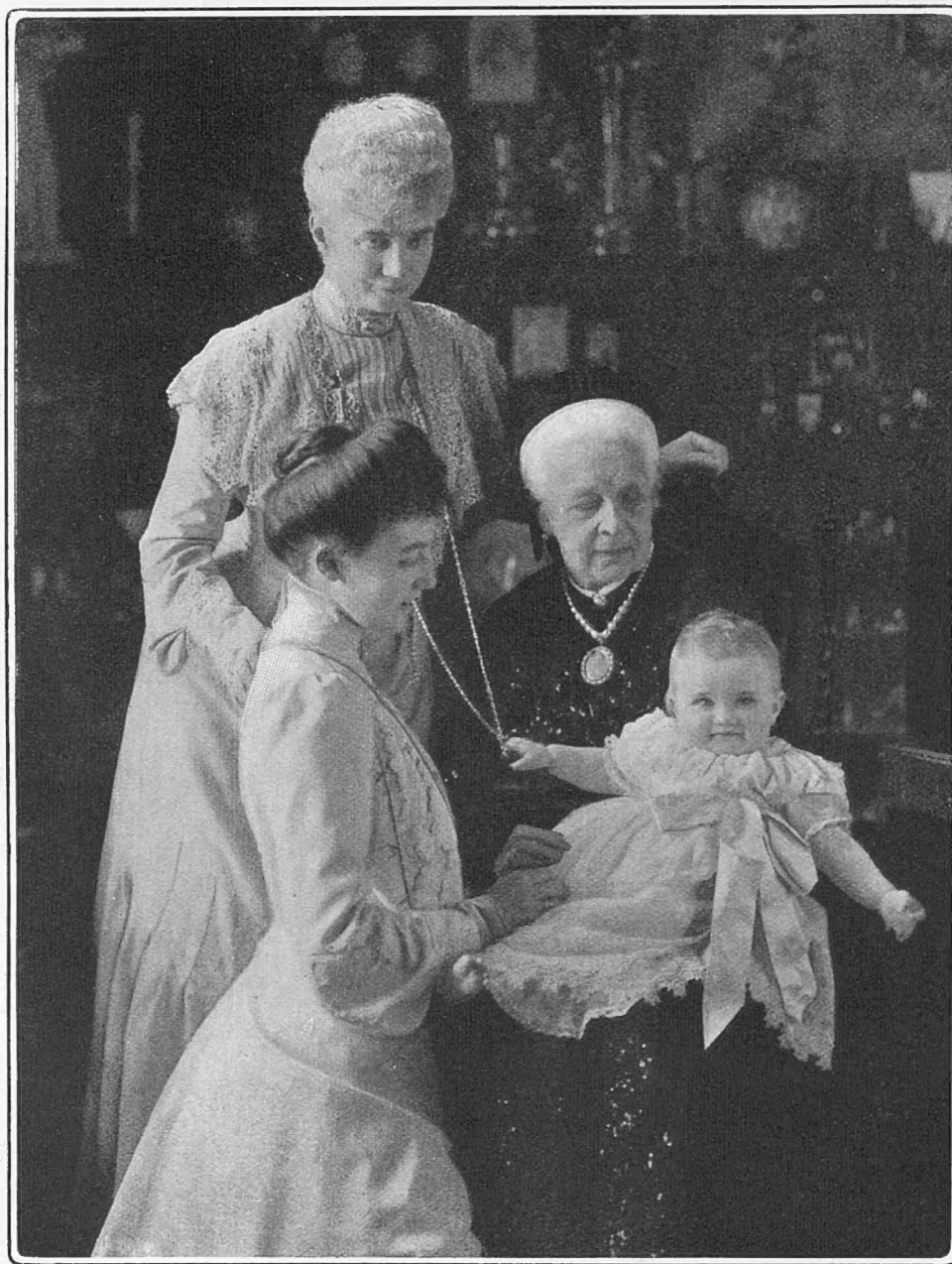
*A Minister's Rush.* A very amusing scene was witnessed in the House of Commons at the departure of Lord Stanley to meet the King at his father's house and see the Grand National at Aintree. On the night before the race he had to take charge of the Telegraph Bill. It was not reached till twenty-five minutes to twelve and he wished to catch the midnight train. A grave Welshman who has no sympathy with races raised a local question, but did so briefly, and Lord Stanley replied in a couple of sentences, the Irish Members, with their fondness for sport, boisterously cheering the noble Lord's brevity.

There was just a moment of anxiety when a Scottish Radical rose, but he uttered only a sentence and the business was done.

Then Lord Stanley, with a push from the Prime Minister, almost ran towards the door behind the Speaker's Chair. Members on both sides, having discovered the motive of his haste, sent him off with a ringing cheer, and he smiled as he disappeared.

#### *The Duke's Nephew.*

It is usually as "the Duke of Devonshire's nephew" that Mr. Victor Cavendish has been described, and although, since he became Secretary to the Treasury, he has asserted his own individuality, he reminds old members of the head of his family. When addressing the House, Mr. Cavendish leans on the box at the table in the Duke's nonchalant manner; he is hard-headed, matter-of-fact, blunt, yet courteous, and not at all showy. His appointment has proved one of the most popular of those made by Mr. Balfour. It is interesting to see the Duke's nephew acting as the financial colleague of Mr. Chamberlain's son, while the younger member of the family, Mr. Richard Cavendish, is a Unionist Free Trader who has several times voted against the Government.



The Duchess of Cumberland.  
Princess Max of Baden.

The Queen of Hanover.  
Princess Mary Alexandra of Baden.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE CUMBERLAND FAMILY.

Photograph by Jagersbacher, Gmünden.

The British public will thoroughly appreciate the mark of respect paid by our Sovereign to the memory of the late Duke of Cambridge. The bestowal of a knighthood on two of the latter's sons was a graceful compliment, and one doubtless suggested to His Majesty by his beloved mother's action in something of the same circumstances. Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge has served his country for close on fifty years, for he entered the Navy in the year 1859. Sir Augustus FitzGeorge has also had a long and distinguished career, and he did good work in India as Aide-de-Camp to Lord Napier of Magdala. Indeed, India has been closely associated with his life, for His Majesty, as Prince of Wales, appointed the then Captain FitzGeorge to be a member of his Staff during the Royal Indian tour. Sir Augustus FitzGeorge was his venerable father's inseparable companion during the later years of the latter's life, and nothing could exceed the devotion and affection which he showed the Duke of Cambridge. A third new Knight whose connection with the late ex-Commander-in-Chief was of a very close and devoted nature is General Sir Albert Williams, a Crimean and

Mutiny veteran. He and the Duke of Cambridge were lifelong friends as well as comrades-in-arms, and much sympathy is felt with him in Society, as it is well known that his affection for his Royal Chief was "passing the love of woman."

#### *An Interesting Royal Guest.*

The news that Prince Henry of Prussia will shortly be the guest of Sir Edward Seymour, at Plymouth, is exciting great interest in the West Country. Prince Henry is the sailor of the Prussian Royal family, and he is in some ways far more his mother's son than is his brother, the versatile Kaiser. Prince Henry is also one of King Edward's favourite nephews, and, as he married his first-cousin, Princess Irene of Hesse, his link with our Royal family is a peculiarly close one, and they have all sympathised very deeply with him in the sad loss which he recently sustained by the death of his youngest son. Prince Henry is one of the most-travelled Royalties living. He was out in China for a long time, and it was apropos of this sojourn in the Far East that took place the famous reference to the "mailed fist."



*Mrs. Andrew Carnegie.*

Those who have the honour of her acquaintance are well aware that Mrs. Andrew Carnegie herself possesses a very strong though thoroughly feminine personality, and that many of her distinguished husband's schemes for benefitting his fellow creatures have been, if not actually evolved,



MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

greatly assisted by her shrewd intellect and kindly heart. Mrs. Carnegie has a very retiring personality, but, in spite of her look of youth, she was, before her marriage, personally concerned with various New York philanthropic societies, and as Miss Louise Whitfield she was well known as a worker among the poor of America's greatest business-city. A Whitfield went over in the *Mayflower*, and so Mrs. Carnegie may claim to be in a true sense an Old-Colonial dame. The great millionaire and his wife have but one child, little Margaret Carnegie, and their happiest months each year are spent with her at Skibo Castle, the beautiful place in Sutherland which has now been for a long time the great iron-

master's chosen home. Mrs. Carnegie entertained the King at Skibo on two occasions, but she and her husband avoid Society, in the ordinary sense of the word, and are quite content to entertain only their intimate friends and those strangers who are honestly interested in the many charitable, political, and social schemes to which the master of Skibo Castle is devoting the active evening of his days.

*A Fighting Duke.* The Duke of Bedford is not only one of the great ground-landlords of London, and very proud of that title to fame; as those who have read his interesting pamphlet, "The History of a Great Agricultural Estate," will readily allow, but he is a keen soldier, and when he speaks in the House of Lords he generally deals in some form or other with the Army. As Lord Herbrand Russell, he went through the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir; then came some years in India as Lord Dufferin's "A.D.C.," and he there showed his sportsmanship by importing two packs of hounds into the country. The late Duke of Bedford was only forty when he died; accordingly, Lord Herbrand Russell cannot have been in any sense prepared to see the family honours crowded thick upon him. He has, however, shown himself more than worthy of the great position to which he so unexpectedly succeeded, and he and the Duchess are very popular in the neighbourhood of their various country homes, as well as in Scotland, where they always spend a portion of the year fishing. The Duke of Bedford has innumerable relations, but only one child, a son and heir, Lord Tavistock.



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Photograph by Messrs. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

*The Duchess of Bedford.*

The Duchess of Bedford, who was the daughter of a well-known and popular Anglo-Indian clergyman, Archdeacon Tribe of Lahore, is the keenest and most successful sportswoman in the Peerage; but, as is so often the case with a clever angler and sure shot, she is also very fond of animals and has taken an enthusiastic interest in the Duke's remarkable scheme of animal acclimatisation at Woburn. The "Zoo" beloved of London childhood is a poor place compared with the ducal Garden of Eden where are seen gathered together fish, flesh, and fowl from every corner of the world, for the splendid park surrounding Woburn Abbey is stocked with magnificent creatures hailing from the African veldt, the Indian hills, the prairies of the Wild West, and the mountains of Manchuria. Those that could not be acclimatised the one with the other are kept in "reserves" so spacious that they seem to form part of the actual park. Among their four-footed pets the Duke and Duchess constantly roam, and it is said that Her Grace has an extraordinary power of training wild creatures. When in London the Duchess of Bedford is often at Prince's Skating Rink, of which fashionable resort she has lately become the actual owner. She is a most graceful and skilful skater, her other great town hobby being music. During the Season she generally occupies for several evenings a-week the spacious opera-box which the Duke owns in virtue of his being ground-landlord of the Covent Garden Opera House.

There is something Oriental about Lord Curzon, who positively revelled in the Delhi Durbar, with its marvellous costumes and pageants. His appointment to succeed the late Lord Salisbury as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports is therefore particularly pleasant to him, for it is one of the few picturesque offices still left in these utilitarian days, though shorn of its once considerable revenues. Moreover, its Indian associations, notably with the great Duke of Wellington and the noble Dalhousie, must appeal to Lord Curzon's imagination. The office has been held, too, by some of the greatest soldiers and statesmen of the past, such as Pitt and Palmerston, and, in more recent times, the subtle and brilliant Dufferin, as well as "Pussy" Granville, one of the weakest yet most amiable Foreign Ministers England ever had.



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

Photograph by Messrs. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

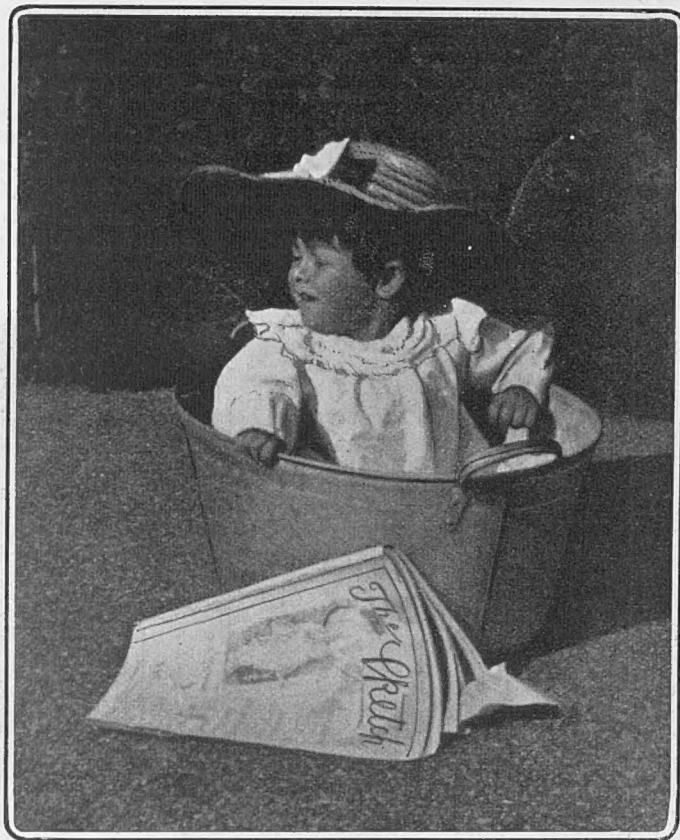
*Walmer Castle.* At Walmer Castle, the official residence of the Lord Warden, the "Iron Duke's" bare and comfortless bedchamber was preserved in the state in which it was when he died in it. Here, too, Mr. Pitt planted beeches and sycamores. The Castle is one of Henry the Eighth's blockhouses, but has been altered into a really comfortable house, and the climate of Walmer is the very thing for the home-returning Anglo-Indian. Lord Curzon is coming home in the summer, and this new appointment rather suggests that he will not return to India. As his peerage is Irish, he can enter the House of Commons again.

*A Private Secretary.* Mr. James Fitzalan Hope, nephew of the Duke of Norfolk and one of the Members for Sheffield, is acting as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Lyttelton. He takes political life seriously, and, besides being an industrious Member, is a neat speaker. Like most of the Sheffield representatives, Mr. Hope is a strong Party man. He saved the Government from defeat on a recent occasion by filling up time with an impromptu speech. He is only thirty-three. His father, Mr. James Hope-Scott, belonged to the family of the Earl of Hopetoun, and married as his first wife a grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Hope's mother, a sister of the present Duke of Norfolk, died a few days after his birth at Norfolk House.



### An Imperial Great-grandfather.

The aged Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has been made a great-grandfather by the birth of a son to the Princess Elizabeth of Windisch-Grätz. The Princess Elizabeth is the Emperor's sole direct heir, as she is the only child of the unfortunate Crown Prince Rudolph by his marriage with the Princess Stephanie, who is now known as the



"HE WON'T BE HAPPY TILL HE GETS IT!"

From a Photograph supplied by a reader, with apologies to Messrs. Pears.

Countess Lonyay. The Princess Elizabeth was married in 1902 to Prince Otto of Windisch-Grätz, and by her marriage renounced her rights as an Austrian Archduchess. As her mother, the Princess Stephanie, is the daughter of the King of the Belgians, that Sovereign also becomes a great-grandfather.

### The Ostend Centenary.

Great preparations are being made at Ostend to celebrate the third centenary of the Siege of Ostend. The great historical procession, which will reproduce the memorable events of 1601-1602, will consist of six tableaux—the triumphal entry of Prince Maurice of Nassau, the exodus of the women and children of Ostend, the arrival of the Spaniards and their allies, the citizens and the garrison marching out with the honours of war, an allegory and apotheosis of the town, and, finally, Ostend risen from its ruins. The execution of the programme was thrown open to an artistic competition, and the prizes have been awarded to the successful artists, but, as so little time is left, it is probable that the procession will be put off to next year, so that it may coincide with the national fêtes at the inauguration of the new harbour.

### The Duchess of Alba.

The Empress Eugénie has lost her niece by marriage, the Duchess of Alba, whom she has been nursing for some weeks past. The Duchess Marie de Rosario Falco y Osorio was the daughter of the Duke of Fernand Nuñez, and married in 1877 the Duke of Alba, who died some years ago. The mother of the Duke of Alba was the sister of the Empress Eugénie, and the Duchess leaves two sons, the elder of whom is the Duke of Alba and the younger the Duke of Peñaranda.

### The Last of the "Thousand."

The death is announced from Nice of Major Rovighi, an Italian half-pay officer about whom there was at first sight nothing remarkable. But he was the last survivor of that gallant little band which, under the leadership of Garibaldi, set out in 1860 to conquer Sicily from the Bourbons. These volunteers captured Marsala, and, crossing to the mainland, drove King Bomba out of Naples to Gaeta. Garibaldi then joined forces with the King of Sardinia, and soon after Victor Emmanuel

was King of all Italy except the Papal Dominions and Venice. The veterans of the "Thousand" used to dine together once a-year, but now the last of them, Major Rovighi, has died quietly at Nice.

### M. Loubet's Voyage.

The cruiser *Marseillais*, which is to take the President on his voyage to Italy, is now in dock being fitted up in the most gorgeous style. The interior of the vessel is being cleared out in order to make room for the eight rooms to be occupied by M. Loubet and the ten apartments for M. Delcassé and the suite. The hangings are in old-gold, crimson velvet with gold fringes, old-rose and green velvet, and, meanwhile, the workmen are manufacturing royal and national Italian flags which will be used in the decoration of the ship in the harbour at Naples. The work is being done at Brest, and it is hoped that the *Marseillais* will be able to leave for Toulon on April 14.

### Sir Leslie Stephen's Will.

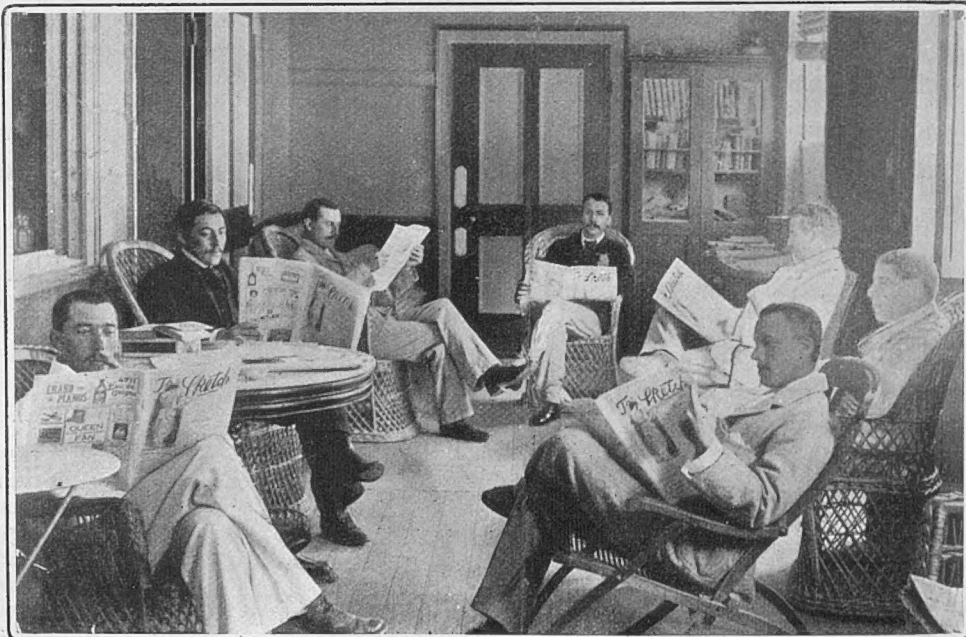
It is announced that Sir Leslie Stephen has left personality of £8906 14s. 6d., and probate of his will has been granted to his step-sons. The testator left the trust funds of the settlement made on his first marriage with Harriet Thackeray in trust for his daughter, Laura Makepeace Stephen, and he left the residue of his property in trust for the children of his second marriage with Mrs. Duckworth. Of Mrs. Duckworth an interesting glimpse appears in the Life of Mr. Augustus Craven, under date 1879: "Mrs. Leslie Stephen is possessed of singular beauty, which is rather fitted for other times than ours. Her aunt, Mrs. Cameron, who has brought photography within the domain of true art, has used and almost ill-used her beautiful features in a series of compositions suggested by the poems of Tennyson. She appears often among the personages of the 'Idylls of the King.'"

A contemporary expresses surprise that so few people take advantage of the exceedingly inexpensive accommodation afforded by our work-houses. This has moved a hard-working payer of rates and taxes to unburden himself of the following ironical effusion, which he entitles "How to Live on Nothing a-Year"—

If you're much averse to working for a living with a will,  
If you'd emulate the lilies, which are lazy,  
If expenses are enormous and your income next to nil,  
If your tailor's kind attentions drive you crazy—  
Why fight against what cannot be but Fate's express decree,  
Why struggle for a joyless independence,  
When splendid board and lodging are provided for you free,  
With naught to pay for washing and attendance?

Oh! homely is the breakfast that will be prepared for you—  
The sight of it at first will make you shiver;  
Your luncheon, tea, and dinner will, perhaps, be homely too,  
But that's so much the better for your liver.  
The cut of your new clothes would be despised in Savile Row,  
But pause before you cavil at your raiment,  
For you surely will admit that it is very nice to know  
That nobody will worry you for payment.

Your wife and all your family will doubtless join you there—  
Jack, Gladys, Jane, Matilda, Jim, and Katie—  
And you all will spend your days relieved of every kind of care,  
In "otium" if not "cum dignitate."  
And as with your new friends you chat within the workhouse gates,  
Nor heed their intellectual disparity,  
You'll feel how truly glad must be the payers of the rates  
To find such worthy objects for their charity.



"THE SKETCH" IN THE COLONIES: MAIL-DAY IN THE READING-ROOM AT THE BANK OF BRITISH WEST AFRICA, BATHURST.

From a Photograph supplied by a reader.



"*La Montansier*." There has been and will be so much talk about "La Montansier," the lady whom Madame Réjane is representing with success in Paris on the boards of the Gaité (writes our Correspondent), that, before she and Coquelin St. Phar cross the Channel, it will not be uninteresting to the readers of *The Sketch* to hear a little of this extraordinary woman, whose love-affairs—I'm talking of those of "*La Montansier*"—defrayed the "*chronique scandaleuse*" of Paris about a hundred and thirty years ago. Marguerite Brunet—"Montansier" was the *nom-de-guerre* she gave herself, just in the same way as Madame Réjane refuses to be known by her real name of Gabrielle Réju—was born in 1730 in Bayonne, and educated in a convent of Ursuline nuns. She ran away from this establishment at sixteen years of age and went to America, where she remained till she was twenty. In 1750 she returned to France, and promptly became the reigning toast of the Paris *demi-monde*—a name, by the way, which had at that time not yet been discovered for the class it represents. She was not a particularly beautiful woman, according to some of the chroniclers of the day whose works I have been perusing for this information, but had great charm, and, above all, a knack of making money out of the admiration felt for her. In 1768, after having failed upon the Paris stage and made and lost several fortunes in theatrical management in Rouen, Havre, Nantes, Bordeaux, Orleans, and Marseilles, "*La Montansier*" came to Versailles, obtained, through interest at Court, the privilege of the theatre there, and shortly afterwards bloomed into multi-management in Versailles, St. Cloud, and Compiègne, all of which places were at that time Court residences.

"*La Montansier*" In 1777, "*La Montansier*" and Bonaparte. opened the famous little Théâtre des Reservoirs in Versailles, where Marie Antoinette spent so many of her evenings, and the Queen and the comédienne became close friends and intimates. In 1789, "*La Montansier*," who had become extremely rich by now and who was fifty-nine years old, came up to Paris, took the Théâtre Beaujolais (the present Théâtre du Palais-Royal) and called it the Théâtre Montansier. She lived in rooms in the arcade close by, and Barras, who had been, some say, one of her many lovers, was her near neighbour. To him, Barras, was due the greatest romance of her life—seen, that is, in the light of after-events—which, had things turned out just a little differently, would probably have changed the history of France, and with it that of the whole world. For, while she lived here in the Palais-Royal, "*La Montansier*" met General Bonaparte, and actually, though he was thirty years of age and she was sixty, became engaged to marry him. But a few days afterwards Bonaparte was called to other destinies, and "*La Montansier*" remained "*La Montansier*" until her death at ninety-two years of age. This extraordinary woman had, in the course of her long, busy life, no fewer than six hundred and twenty-two lawsuits upon theatrical matters, and it was not unfitting that the play in which some episodes of her long life are chronicled should give, as it did give, birth to yet another legal action.

*A Story of Réjane.* And mention of "*La Montansier*" recalls a charming little story of Madame Réjane which has gone the rounds here in Paris this week. On the first-night of "*La Montansier*" at the Gaité, one of the audience picked up a crumpled piece of paper, signed "Réjane." He read the paper

to see to whom it belonged, and found that it contained a promise, evidently to an old woman, to defray her rent and to look after the needs of three little grandchildren. "Have no fear," ran the last words of the letter. "I promise you that, while I have health and strength, I will see to it that your babies are free from want of all kinds." An old *ouvreuse*, one of the aged, pink-capped ladies who show people to

their places in Paris, seeing the letter in our *confrère's* hands (the finder was a journalist and owner of a leading Paris paper), came up and claimed it. "Mais non, Madame," he said; "a note like this is worth a large sum of money." And he handed the poor *ouvreuse*, whose husband had died three days before, and who had the entire charge of three little grandchildren, owing to the sudden death of her one son, a stage-carpenter, a bank-note for twenty pounds. So that, unwittingly, Réjane's kind heart had been responsible for double charity.

#### *A Famous Detective.*

In other countries the chiefs of the detective force are, as a rule, but little like the mysteriously romantic creatures novelists have made the public think they are, but Gustave Macé, whose death Paris is deploring, was one of those men whom Gaboriau created. Small, thin, dark-eyed, and wonderfully vivacious, Macé, perhaps the greatest French detective since Vidocq, loved his work, so that he was never tired of talking of it, and, when any crime disturbed the peace of Paris with a grim sensation, Macé—who retired some years since and lived out in the suburbs, where, as most retired detectives in this country seem to do, he busied himself with the writing of his Memoirs and the cultivation of his cabbages—was quite a Providence for journalists in search of "copy," for he had anecdotes out of his own experiences to fit all kinds of crime. He made his name in an extraordinary case which, true in every detail, reads like a combination of two stories of Gaboriau and Conan Doyle. Some human remains were found in a well in the Rue Princesse, a Paris slum. Two or three pieces of torn cloth, and stockings which had been made from leg-pieces of old stockings sewn to the feet of a pair of man's socks, were the only clues to the criminal, but from these clues Macé discovered him, by means for which I have no space here

in *The Sketch*. The murderer was a man named Voirbo, a Secret Service agent in the pay of the police, the illegitimate son of a man whose name he did not know, but who, whenever he was angry with Voirbo, Macé found out somehow, had a habit of saying, "When you die it will be by my hand." The threat proved to be true. Voirbo died on the scaffold, and the father who had threatened him so

often was no other than the Public Executioner, "Monsieur de Paris," as French people call him.

Here is a good story told of our Queen and the Kaiser in connection with Amalienborg Castle. The Prince, as he then was, pointed out the discrepancy in the chair-backs to his neighbour at table. "I've often noticed and deplored the fact," she answered, laughing, "that, though my parents are quite honest people, they are poor."



MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS CHAMBUDDY RAM IN "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

MR. DICK failed to keep King Charles's head out of his memorial, and it sometimes seems to me, as I peruse my morning paper, that a certain popular preacher plays the part of the head to every editorial Mr. Dick. You can't—I mean, I can't—escape from the reverend gentleman. He is for ever engaged in improving humanity, admonishing Prime Ministers, interviewing Kings. I find myself wondering whether the average minister has too much leisure, or whether this particular one does the work of six men, and whether in that case it is well done. The other morning, when I had vainly endeavoured to escape from the history of what the preacher had said and done on the previous day, the train entered a tunnel, the light flickered and went out, and I passed a few quiet moments wondering what the daily round of a really fashionable minister must be like. I imagined a Rev. Admirable Crichton yet unborn, and this is how I divided a chance day for him, some time about the year 1950—

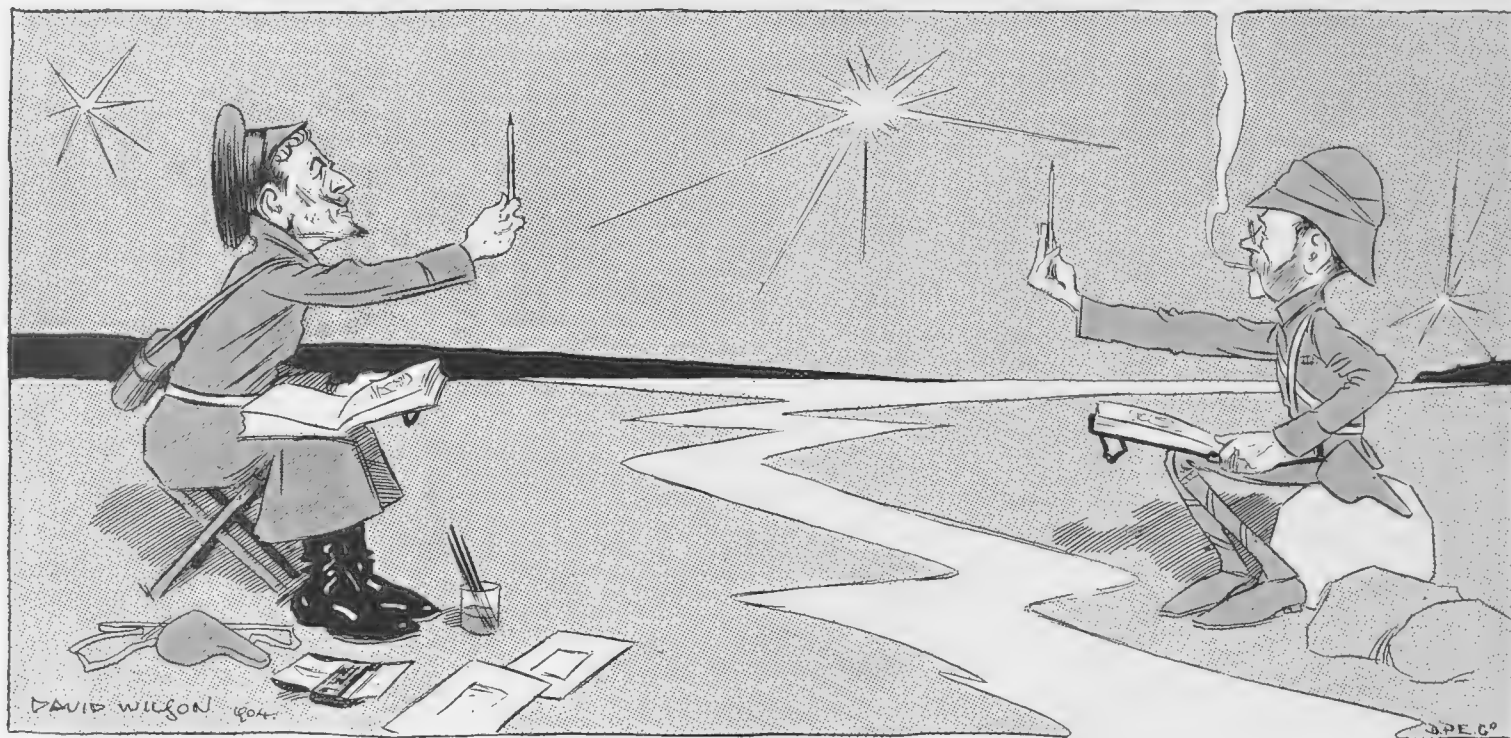
- 9 a.m.—Rise, breakfast, and answer three hundred letters, mostly written by autograph-hunters.  
10 a.m.—Give a sitting to a fashionable photographer and an audience to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I am well pleased to read in my morning paper that Habibullah Khan, Ruler of Afghanistan, is quite well, after all. How the dove-cotes of the India Office must have been fluttered by the news that this shy, dusky potentate had left life suddenly! Most of the Indian officers I have met believe that, when India is attacked, the trouble will come by way of Afghanistan, with whose frontier that of our Indian Empire marches for some hundreds of miles. We can't catch more than a glimpse of the intrigues that make Afghanistan one of the most fascinating and, withal, most difficult of all Asiatic kingdoms, but the general disposition of its rulers is suggested by the reliable Reuter, who wires from Peshawar that one of the Ameer's brothers, having quarrelled with another, emphasised his displeasure by firing at him. As the shot took effect, it may be supposed to have given rise to the rumour that Habibullah Khan had departed this life. Happily, Afghanistan's ruler is alive and, doubtless, biting; the story of his death was Ameer fabrication.

While my morning paper's news has not made me feel keenly anxious to have a place, however distinguished, in Russia's Pacific

MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

MR. MELTON PRIOR.



A BRUSH ON THE FRONTIER: A DRAWN AFFAIR.

"Mr. Melton Prior, the famous War-Artist, has gone East to represent 'The Illustrated London News' with the Japanese Army.

"Mr. Frederic Villiers, another celebrated War-Artist, has left to join the Russian Forces on behalf of 'the same Paper.'"—DAILY PAPER.

- 11 a.m.—Deliver a rousing sermon on the whole duty of man, before an audience of ten thousand people, mostly females.  
12 o'clock.—Interview the Prime Minister and sub-edit Bills that are to be submitted to Parliament.  
1 p.m.—Lunch with Head of the Army and the First Lord of the Admiralty. Advise them as to the conduct of their business.  
2 p.m.—Discuss affairs of State with the King in Buckingham Palace.  
3 p.m.—Open a Bazaar for the benefit of extending the empire of Missionaries in China and other places where the natives have no use for them.  
4 p.m.—Advise Editor of *Times* as to conduct of his paper.  
5 p.m.—Take tea in Mayfair and write a couple of articles, one for *Daily Ha'penny Wonder* and the other for the *Twentieth Century*.  
6 p.m.—Address a Mass Meeting to protest against the action of the Cabinet which has not accepted suggestions for legislation *in extenso*.  
7 p.m.—Preside at dinner in aid of Funds of Society for State Abolition of all other Forms of Faith.  
8 p.m.—Lecture upon the Divine Right of the Ministry.  
9 p.m.—Attend Secretary of State for India and advise him about Frontier problems.  
10 p.m.—Attend King's Levée.  
11 p.m.—Home to bed and dream of wandering in the Elysian Fields and meeting the Shades of Phineas Taylor Barnum and the Prophet Dowie, who say—  
But at this moment the train came out of the tunnel.

Squadron, I can't help thinking that it must be pleasant to be alive and well just now on one of the Russian war-ships that are travelling up and down the Mediterranean. Admirals Togo, Kamimura, and Uriu are thousands of miles away, the weather must be very fine and mild, and yet there is enough excitement to make life worth living. So soon as a merchant-vessel of doubtful nationality comes along, the Russian vessels pursue, veritable Apollyons seeking for something to devour.

The cruiser fires a blank-shot across the stranger's bows, the stranger heaves to, papers are inspected and found in order, there is no contraband of war on board, Apollyon apologises and sets sail in search of more coal and more adventures. Down to the present the expenditure has not been justified by results, but I have a feeling that, if the gallant ships persist in their endeavours, they will catch something sooner or later, if not a Jap, why then, perhaps, a Tartar.

I read with great regret the announcement of the death of Colonel A. E. W. Goldsmid. Member of a distinguished Jewish family, the Colonel served with distinction in the Army and received special praise for his work in South Africa, where he saw fighting at Paardeberg and elsewhere. He was one of the administrators of the Colonies that the late Baron Hirsch started in the Argentine, and he was the President of the 'Maccabean' Society. A man of singular charm and high character, he will be missed by all who knew him.

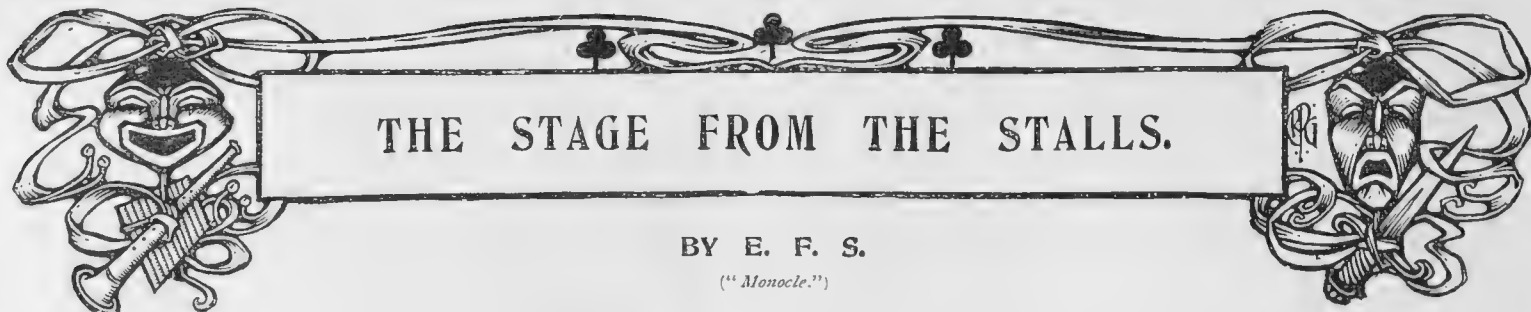


TYPES OF RUSSIAN CAVALRY.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



II—A COSSACK OF THE LINE.



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THE IRISH NATIONAL THEATRE SOCIETY.

OUR Irish friends are making a valuable effort to create a national drama, which, seeing their manifest earnestness, ought to have some valuable result, and it may be noted that they are not asking for a subsidy. In considering the two performances on Saturday week, one is disposed to fancy that their efforts are being made according



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT (MRS. NAT GOODWIN).

Taken by the Otto Sarony Company.

ing to certain specific ideas, by no means peculiarly Irish. Moreover, a somewhat strained effort to be primitive and to avoid devices of modern dramatists is visible, which leads rather to lack of art than absence of artificiality. This, for instance, applies strongly to "The King's Threshold," by Mr. Yeats, who, I believe, is the guiding spirit of the Society. He, in a short speech, thanked the players for rendering the piece according to his idea, which apparently consisted in devoting nearly all their efforts to speaking his verse beautifully, without regard to gesture, movement, or facial play. The result was not altogether unwelcome in its contrast with the "musical-chairs" method of our players, yet disastrous to the play: infinite injustice was done to a work weakly dramatic in idea and treatment, but rich in beauty of verse. Under his guidance, presum-

ably, the players made desperate efforts to eliminate all trace of brogue, with the result that they became utterly unnatural. Some moaned their verse, one chanted like a wild curate and was almost unintelligible, and Mr. F. J. Fay, in the chief part, suggested a burlesque of Mr. F. R. Benson; but for his work in another piece, one could not have guessed that he is a remarkably clever actor. This other performance showed that his voice as the poet was entirely artificial. Another result was that the players gave an idea of a performance by Noah's Ark figures containing gramophones. It sounds rude to say this, but it is important to point out that these earnest artists in some respects are treading the wrong road. Almost throughout the performances of the serious plays the actors and actresses exhibited an obviously self-conscious restraint.

Two new dramatists appeared, Mr. J. M. Synge and Mr. Padraic MacCormac Colm, and both are of considerable ability. The former was represented by two one-Act pieces, the first tragic, the second comic, or, perhaps, tragic-comic. Each belonged more to the class of stage anecdote than normal drama. The pathetic tale of the old fisherwoman able to sleep in peace because the last of her eight sons has been claimed by the sea was handled with considerable dignity and some real poetry. It is founded, perhaps, on a story connected with King David, and contains a suggestion of "The Good Hope." The part of the old woman was ably rendered by Miss Honor Lavelle. The comic play, called "In the Shadow of the Glen," was grimly humorous in its story of the old peasant who pretended to be dead, in order, like a famous English statesman, to know what people would say of him. Dan Burke was anxious to know the opinion of

his young wife, and learnt more than he bargained for when he found her, even before the wake, making arrangements for a second marriage. Evidently Mrs. Nora Burke had not heard Mr. Fuller Golden's complaint that, whereas a German when he is dead keeps dead, one has to sit up a whole week with an Irish corpse to prevent its coming back to life. However, when he discovered her marching off, after he has driven her out of the house, with a tramp, he probably felt well rid of the baggage. Mr. W. G. Fay's acting was very clever.

"Broken Soil," by Mr. Padraic MacCormac Colm—I fancy that Padraic is really a well-known Christian name in an un-Christian form—is the only work in more than a single Act, though it proved to be no longer than many a one-Act piece. Indeed, it may be said that the system involved in it, of telling a tale essentially short yet lasting over a substantial space of time by lowering the curtain twice, for a minute or two, is very convenient. The work is puzzling but full of interest, and seemed to me curiously rich in character. No doubt, there were thoughts that suggested Ibsen, and turns of phrase that reminded one of Maeterlinck; and the author lacks the amazing stagecraft of one and strange command of language possessed by the other. I imagine that the whole piece is symbolic, but fail to find the key. Perhaps some reader may find the story. There was an old, famous fiddler named Con Hourican, whose daughter, Maire—presumably Mary—had induced him to give up wandering on the road and settle down in a house with a bit of land; but he was restless and grew tired of a steady life, and spent his nights at Flynn's, playing to the men. Flynn's, I imagine, was a public-house. His neighbour, Brian MacConnell, one of the "black MacConnells," a hard, fierce young man, loved Maire, and, in a beautiful little speech, told his love. She showed no signs of responding, and told him she was going to look after her father, who had made her a promise never to go to Flynn's again—I presume that the trouble about Flynn's concerned the drink—and she informed him she meant to take her father on the road again. Brian got the idea that, if the father were to break his promise, the girl would remain, so he induced the old man to go to Flynn's. Brigid, Brian's sister, was so annoyed with her brother that she determined to go to America, and tried to induce Maire to accompany her. She pretended that she had money left to her by her mother; really, it was stolen from her brother. Maire bade her pray before going, and the result was that Brigid's heart suddenly awakened to a love for her brother, to whom she had always been quite unsisterly. Maire definitely decided to take her father on the road. Brian endeavoured to persuade her to marry him; she almost consented, but remained firm, apparently because Brian made so little of an effort to move her: at least, this was the stage-effect of the scene. At dawn, the girl, or rather, young woman, marched off "on the road," where, I should have thought, the fiddler would have been peculiarly exposed to temptation, and they did not take even the traditional red-handkerchief-full of luggage with them.

I presume that the phrase "on the road" had some deep meaning. Everything about Maire pointed away from the idea that she had a Bohemian and vagabondish tendency. I imagine there was some specific idea involved in the intense reticence of the characters and in their strange briefness; their conversations are so condensed as to be startlingly abrupt—one has little more than, as it were, sign-posts to the scenes—yet the play exhibits the rare power of suggesting individual persons, even if their conduct seems hardly consistent with their individuality; and there are fine vivid short phrases in it. Over the whole is a melancholy poetic note of fatalism, enhanced by sobriety of acting, that makes the players seem mere puppets of destiny, of the destiny against which they make no strife. Here one may note a perilous defiance of drama. These moody peasants, who accept everything hostile without contest, these peasants with eager desires and dead wills, may be profoundly true, yet I must observe that the audience, chiefly, no doubt, of compatriots, laughed at tragic-comic passages that seemed to me painfully sad. In their strangely quiet fashion, all the players acted very well, and there was a humour in the old fiddler which showed that Mr. F. J. Fay could be a rich low-comedian. Certainly the ordinary playgoer would see something crude and amateurish in the work of the players, and yet it suited the play, perhaps because that was crude and amateurish, and yet, again, one recognises the spirit of a real dramatist. It is earnestly to be hoped that all these sincere workers—playwrights and players—will not devote themselves too much to the idea of creating a tradition by breaking with traditions, and will remember that accepted rules cannot safely be expressly defied without a full knowledge of their origin and degree of necessity.



PURSUED BY THE CAMERA: THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES AT HOME.



MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.



MISS VIOLET LLOYD.

*Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

## THE KING'S GIFT: OSBORNE CONVALESCENT HOME.

TO BE OPENED TO-DAY (APRIL 6).

NEVER was monarch more nobly inspired than King Edward when, at the time of his Coronation, he announced his intention to bestow Osborne House upon the nation as a memorial of Queen Victoria. This splendid seaside palace was for nearly sixty years the late Queen's favourite home, and many of

Roughly speaking, Osborne consists of three blocks, the "Durbar," and the main and south wings. The two latter will be mainly devoted to the use of the convalescents, and there is room at the outset for some fifty patients, for ten of whom an additional apartment has been provided, so that at least a percentage of the married officers may be accompanied by their wives. The house remains in practically the same state as when Queen Victoria was in residence, even the famous Statuary Corridor, with its fine pieces of sculpture, having been left untouched. The dining-room is one of the most beautiful apartments, its ceiling being especially magnificent with its grapes and foliage in gold against a background of cream and turquoise. It is richly carpeted in subdued tones, while little tables to seat two or four are dotted about. Beyond is a smaller room for the married couples in residence, this being furnished in shades of green. In the writing-room eau-de-Nil is the prevailing tone, the couches and arm-chairs being upholstered in dark brown. The Victoria Hall will probably be the centre of the social life of the Home. Once used as a chapel, it is a spacious apartment, containing a very fine organ, a piano, and a goodly number of books.

The first, second, and third floors contain the bedrooms, which open off broad corridors where fine cabinets, pictures, and priceless old china delight the eye of the connoisseur. Each floor has its walls distempered in a light shade of blue, rose-pink, or green, and each apartment is provided with a lounging-chair or sofa, while at the bedside is a telephone by which, through a central exchange established in the Home, the nurse or any other person needed may be summoned.

It would not be fair to leave the names of those responsible for the admirable internal arrangements unmentioned. In this work, Mr. H. Hawks, the architect, and Mr. E. G. Riders, the engineer, have

been ably backed up by Mr. R. Bailey, Controller of Stores to the Office of Works, who, in turn, has owed much to the suggestions and designs of Miss McCaul, whose practical knowledge of nursing is unrivalled. The nursing staff, under Miss Haines, consists of four Sisters, and Captain R. Power, of the Royal Navy, is House Governor.

The entrance to the late Queen Victoria's private apartments will be in the "Durbar" wing. On Tuesdays and Fridays during the summer, commencing on May 3, these will be open to the public, who will have the privilege of inspecting not only the beautiful Durbar-room, but also the drawing-room, with its fine cabinets, rare bronzes, lovely Sèvres china, and the unique collection of photographs of Royal groups. To most people the dining-room will possess even more interest, for it was here that the body of the late Queen lay in state till its removal to Windsor. The Swiss Cottage also, with its interesting museum, will be open to the public on the same days.



THE SMOKING AND RECREATION ROOM (FORMERLY THE CHAPEL).

*Photographed for "The Sketch."*

His Majesty's early associations are connected with it, for here he and his brothers and sisters spent much of their childhood and youth and here also his brief honeymoon was passed.

When, in 1845, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort acquired Osborne, it was a comparatively small demesne, but from time to time it was added to, till the estate covered some five thousand acres, including the most beautiful gardens in the South of England and a number of minor Royal residences. The regal nature of His Majesty's gift may thus be understood, for almost the whole of this magnificent property has by Act of Parliament become part of what are known as the hereditary revenues of the Crown, and, as such, has passed under that section of the Civil List Act which relates to the payment of the hereditary revenues to the Exchequer. By this Act the estate was placed under the management of the First Commissioner of Works, while the greater part of the palace itself was to be devoted to the benefit of officers of His Majesty's naval and military forces. The later developments of this idea took the shape of a magnificent project to make Osborne House a Convalescent Home for those who had been stricken down by illness, accident, or wounds while engaged in the service of their country. This, however, was quite separate and distinct from the grant of a portion of the estate as the centre of the Royal Naval Training College, of which we gave some pictures in our last issue. The beautiful grounds, however, afford ample accommodation for both.

The task of carrying His Majesty's wishes into effect has been quietly going on ever since the project was formulated, and the opening of the Home will take place to-day (April 6), without any formalities, for the King, though always ready to lend his presence to the inauguration of any philanthropic scheme, prefers to remain in the background now that he himself is the munificent donor.

To Lord Windsor and the Hon. Schomberg McDonnell, First Commissioner and Secretary of His Majesty's Office of Works respectively, has fallen the chief responsibility, but they owe much to the advice and assistance of the Advisory Committee, which includes Sir Francis Mowatt, Sir F. H. Laking, Sir Frederick Treves, Colonel Sir Edward W. D. Ward (of Ladysmith fame), Captain the Hon. Hugh Tyrwhitt, R.N., and Mr. A. I. Durrant, with whom have been associated Miss Ethel McCaul and Miss Haines, whose experience as nurses has proved invaluable.



THE WRITING-ROOM.

*Photographed for "The Sketch."*



THE KING'S GIFT: OSBORNE CONVALESCENT HOME.

TO BE OPENED TO-DAY (APRIL 6).



OFFICERS' DINING-ROOM.



ONE OF THE BEDROOMS.

*Photographed for "The Sketch,"*

## WHY BE A PRISONER?

By HOUDINI, THE "HANDCUFF KING."

YES, why be a prisoner? This is what I want to know. I don't say, don't go to prison, for I suppose some men can't help it. But why stay there? It is so easy to get out, even if they do take the trouble to put handcuffs on your wrists and manacles on your legs. There was a poet once who said—

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage.

Whether he was the "Handcuff King" of his time I do not know, but, being a poet in the olden days, he probably knew what the inside of a jail was like. Maybe, the authorities tried to keep him in but couldn't, and he celebrated his escape in a song.

As for myself, I came to breaking locks in the most natural way, by learning how to make them. I began life as an apprentice in a locksmith's in America. The locks were very complicated, so they used to make the keys first and then build up the locks to them. Making an intricate lock first and then producing a key to open it is a much more difficult job and takes a much longer time than the other way about. I was a very strong boy, so I was put on to what was called the "odd-and-end bench," because all sorts of different jobs are done at it. We had to open locks or close them up, or make a key to replace a lost one, and so on.

Whenever a lock was brought to me to make a key for it, I had at first to break open the lock to study the wards and so make up the key. I was a lazy boy, so I thought I would study locks from another point of view, and I devised a way to open them without breaking them up.

Eventually my firm brought out what it called a "burglar-proof lock." One day, a banker came in to buy some locks, and naturally the proprietor spoke to him about the burglar-proof one. I was in the room at work on a lock at the time, and the banker turned to me and asked how long I thought it would take to open one of the locks. "About fifteen or twenty minutes," I replied, not thinking that the matter was a serious one. "If you think you can open that lock in twenty minutes, go ahead and try," said the proprietor, and he put it before me. The banker looked on amused while I began to try to make good what I had said. I opened the lock, and my reward came at the end of the week, when I received in my envelope a small note which read: "Your services are no longer required."

Work was slack, and without a character I couldn't get employment in any other locksmith's. Just as luck would have it, I was introduced at the time to a conjurer. I knew something about sleight-of-hand tricks and gave him a performance, which induced him to engage me. With him I made my first appearance in the Show world. Then I added the famous rope-trick of the Davenport Brothers, and I used to offer a prize—it was my week's salary (fifty shillings), but I did not announce the offer in that fashion—to anyone who could tie me in such a way that I couldn't extricate myself. Was

it a safe offer to make? Well, I only know that I always managed to keep my salary for myself.

One night a detective was in the audience. He got up and said, "I can tie you up so that you won't extricate yourself," and he waved a pair of handcuffs in the air. It was the first time I had ever seen a pair of handcuffs, and, as I gazed at them from the stage, they looked as big as the Houses of Parliament to me, so I politely declined his offer. When I came to look at those handcuffs, however, I saw they had a lock which I could easily master. Remembering what I did with the burglar-proof lock, I eventually consented to have them put on my wrists. I opened the locks in sixteen minutes, and, incidentally, opened the gates of fortune.

A little while after, another manager asked me to introduce a new trick into my performance. I suggested the handcuff one. He laughed at the idea of my getting out of any handcuffs, and his remarks were so forcible that I concluded it was ridiculous to try. One night, however, when I was with another Company in a little village, one of the performers fell ill, and they asked me to lengthen my "turn." Suddenly I thought of the handcuff trick, and challenged anyone to handcuff me. Even in America people don't go to a "variety" show with handcuffs in their pockets, so no one came forward, but a man got up and said he would bring a pair the next night. My challenge went round the village, and next night there was a crowded house. It was packed to suffocation—with about four-pounds-sixteen in money, for I was not working the London Hippodrome in those days. "We'll show Mr. Slippery-hand"—as they called a conjurer in those parts—"that we can hold him," said the villagers. They didn't hold me, though, for I was soon out of the handcuffs. A New York manager happened to be sitting in front during the performance that night, and thought he saw a novelty in the turn of the youth who appeared in evening-dress and russet shoes. He engaged me for six months, and, though he assured me that my best powers as a draw were exhibited in drawing my salary every week, he advertised me very well indeed. He used to have me handcuffed and put into jail, that I might show how I could escape. Then I came to Europe and went jail-breaking on the Continent, and they have tried to hold me in different prisons in England—in Leeds, Liverpool, Sheffield, and Huddersfield, &c.—but, so far, they have not succeeded. That is why I ask the question, "Why be a prisoner?"

It is not because I am an American that I say that the best handcuff in the world is made there and is known as the "Bean Giant." English handcuffs are very good, so long as the police keep their eye on the man who wears them. They are heavier than those made in Germany, which are the lightest I have tried on, while Russian handcuffs are not locked, but are riveted on the wearer. That, however, is done only after he has reached his destination.



HOUDINI, THE "HANDCUFF KING."

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.



SOME OF THE "CUFFS" FROM WHICH HOUDINI HAS FREED HIMSELF.



THE "BEAN GIANT."



THE ENGLISH "CUFF."



THE HUNGARIAN "CUFF."



THE GERMAN TRANSPORT-CHAIN.

*Photographs by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.*



## THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, 1904.

PLEASANT representations of sea and land and characteristic figure-work in various styles diversify the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Piccadilly. Attention is at once engaged on entering the West Gallery by Mr. John Hassall's bold and imaginative picture of "An Old German Legend," that of the Pied Piper, who makes a weird and imposing central figure in his red cloak, surrounded as he is by a crowd of gay children who manifest their delight in his uncanny strains, while the quaint old town is seen in the distance. Every visitor must find interest in studying the many faces of boys and girls that are here so sympathetically depicted, and there are also qualities of composition and colour that help to render the work one of exceptional merit. Near by will be found some of Mr. Tom Browne's humorously conceived but not the less artistic drawings. He contributes a remarkably strong group of such works, notably "The Beggar, Spain," whose face and figure, seen in deep shadow that contrasts with strong sunlight, are very expressive of the type; "Evening Light," a Dutch pastoral represented in a spirit of underlying fun; "The Ferry," a pretty twilight effect with a horseman, perhaps a highwayman, waiting to cross the river, and "A Mid-day Rest,"

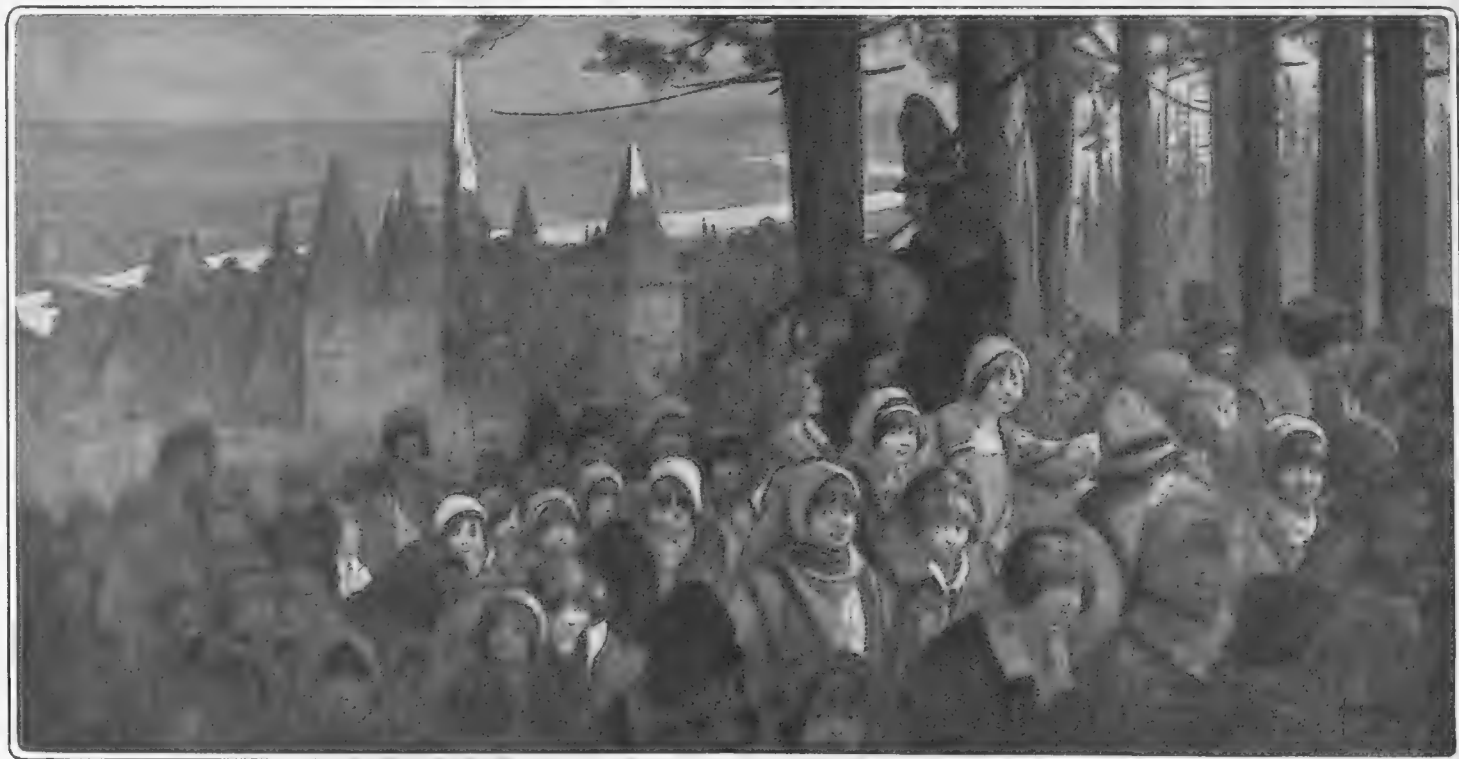


NOTHING TO SELL.—W. LEE HANKEY, R.I.

wherein a strolling acrobat, a child, and a dog are taking their ease in the shade. Mr. Frank Reynolds shows an allegory, marked by much fancy and suggestion, entitled "Youth," the happiness and innocence of early life being typified in the central figure, while the phantoms of old age and death following in the background remind one of human instability. Mr. W. Douglas Almond's "A Heavy Score" is as delightful in its delineation of character as in its masterly technique; while Mr. W. Lee Hankey's pathetic "Nothing to Sell," with its subtle effects of light and shade and admirable figure-drawing, is one of the gems of the Exhibition. The brilliant technique of Mr. G. C. Haité, Mr. Claude Hayes's tender feeling for landscape, and Mr. J. R. Reid's intense perception of the colours of the sea are also illustrated.

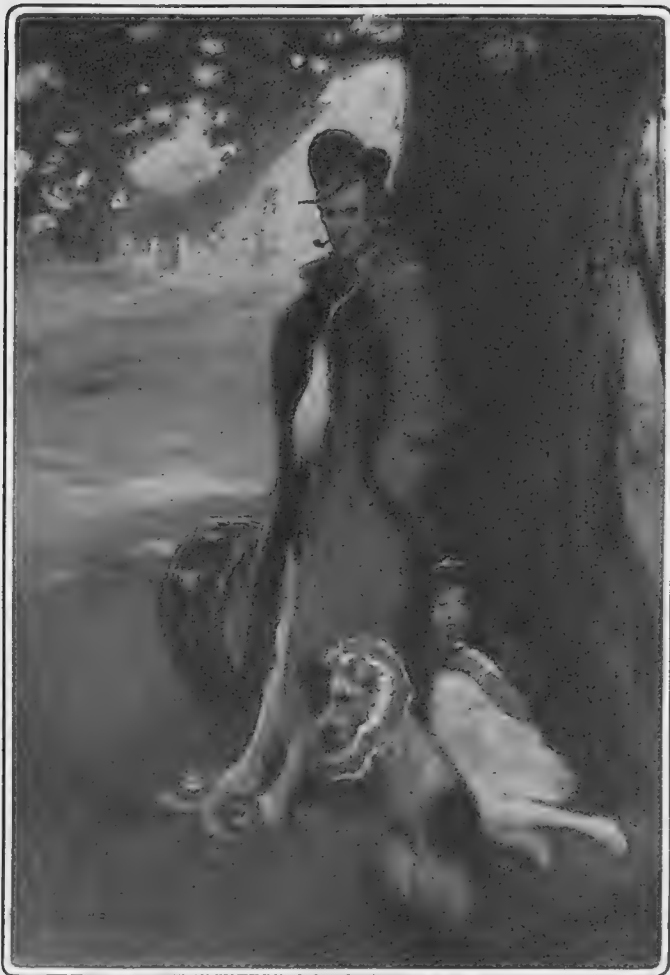
The "English Men of Letters" series has hitherto been without a book on Shakspeare. The

original idea was that George Eliot should write the volume, but her death was the end of this and other plans. Now it is announced that Professor Walter Raleigh, of Glasgow, has undertaken the work. Professor Raleigh is the son of the celebrated Independent preacher, Dr. Alexander Raleigh.

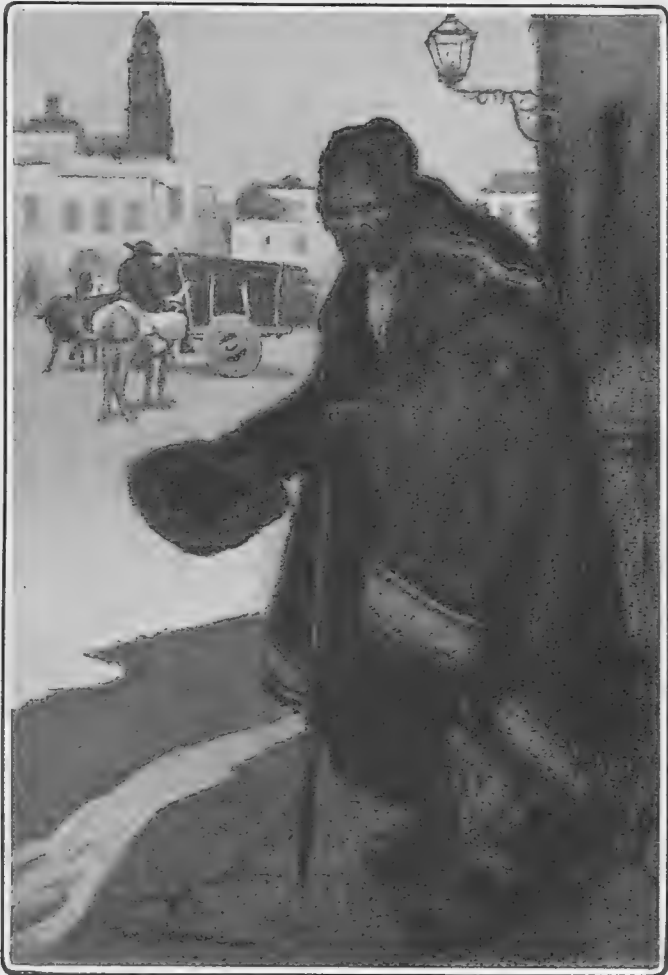


AN OLD GERMAN LEGEND.—JOHN HASSALL, R.I.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, 1904.



A MID-DAY REST.—TOM BROWNE, R.I.



THE BEGGAR, SPAIN —TOM BROWNE, R.I.



A HEAVY SCORE.—W. DOUGLAS ALMOND, R.I.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I HAVE just read an elaborate History of Twenty-five Years by Sir Spencer Walpole. It relates to a period well within the memory of many living people. The most remarkable feature of the work—which is in every way painstaking, honourable, and useful—is the almost total omission of any reference to the Press. It could hardly be gathered from these pages that such an estate as the Press existed in this country. Will it be possible for historians to go on omitting from the forces they enumerate and measure the most powerful force of all? It is true that the *Times* and Delane, its great Editor, come in now and then even in the most formal and old-fashioned books. But even in the period which Sir Spencer Walpole

handles there were quite as powerful journalistic forces as the *Times*. In particular, the work of the *Daily Telegraph*, with its glorification of the "People's William," told tremendously among the classes who decide the fortunes of a Government. In Scotland the *Scotsman*, whether breasting the tide of public opinion or ruling it, was always an influence of the first force. Never will recent history be properly written without a constant reference to the newspapers of the period, the line they took, and the personalities that governed them.

It is true that the habit of ignoring the part taken by journalists in the daily fight is widespread. I have read various obituary notices of the late Sir Edwin Arnold. They do justice to his books and they show a knowledge and appreciation of the man's private character. I do not blame them because they are reticent in describing the last sad years of disablement. Very likely, as things are at present, Sir Edwin Arnold will be best remembered by his "Light of Asia" and others of his verses; but those who know are aware that the chief work of his life was the breaking down of the influence of Mr. Gladstone. This is not a political paper, and I have no opinion to pass on the rights and wrongs of political controversy. But surely those who are willing impartially to reckon up the moving forces of the time will admit that the desertion of Mr. Gladstone by the *Daily Telegraph*, a desertion prompted and led by Sir Edwin Arnold, meant a great deal. Mr. Gladstone knew this well. As a rule, he interfered little with newspapers, but he took the trouble to go to the *Daily Telegraph* and state his case—in vain.

In Lord Acton's Letters a suspicion is cast over the current idea that Charles Dickens by superiority of insight discovered that George Eliot was a woman. Lord Acton suggests that Dickens was told the truth by Herbert Spencer. Even Lord Acton did not know everything. In the *Reminiscences* of Mr. Frith, he tells us that when he was drawing a portrait of Dickens he saw on the table a book-parcel with a letter on the top of it. Presently Dickens came in, read the letter, and said, "Here you are again. This is the kind of thing I am subject to; people send me their books, and, what is more, they require me to read them; and, what is almost as bad, demand my opinion of them. Read that." Mr. Frith obeyed, and read what appeared to him a freely written appeal to the great master begging his perusal of the accompanying work and his judgment upon it, and so on. The work was "Adam Bede," and the writer's name was George Eliot. Dickens took up one of the volumes, looked into it, and said: "Seems clever—a good style; suppose I must read it." And read it he did that very day, for the next morning he said, "That is a very good book indeed by George Eliot, but, unless I am mistaken, George Eliot is a woman." Lord Acton was not altogether wrong. In answer to a friend who asked about the authorship of "Adam Bede," Dickens wrote that the writer was named either Bradbury or Evans, and he did not think it was Bradbury. The name of Miss Evans seems to have been communicated to him by one of her friends. But Dickens was well able to judge whether a novel was written by a man or a woman.

I have often wished that it were possible for some competent person to go over the innumerable books of *Reminiscences* and to select the permanently valuable part. The Law of Copyright might be modified for this purpose. Mr. Frith's *Reminiscences* contain some valuable memories of Turner and of Dickens. Of Turner he gives a flattering account. According to Mr. Frith, Turner was an admirable critic, never severe or unkind, and always ready to share his knowledge with those who could profit by it. He could ridicule some of his own later works quite as skilfully as the newspapers did. At a dinner when Mr. Frith was present, a salad was offered to Turner, who called the attention of his neighbour at the table to it in the following words: "Nice cool green that lettuce, isn't it? And the beetroot pretty red—not quite strong enough; and the mixture—delicate tint of yellow that. Add some mustard, and then you have one of my pictures." When Turner was dying, in 1851, he sent for a Ramsgate practitioner who had previously helped him. When the doctor came, he saw instantly that the painter's condition was hopeless, and begged him to lose no time in making "any worldly arrangements you desire to make." "Wait a bit," said Turner. "You have had nothing to eat and drink yet, have you?" "No, but that is not of any consequence." "Yes it is. Go downstairs, and you will find some refreshment; and there is some fine brown sherry—don't spare it—and then come up and see me again." The doctor refreshed himself and then returned to his patient. "Now then," said Turner, "what is it? Do you still think so badly of my case? Wasn't that good sherry?" "I grieve to say I cannot alter my opinion." Turner put his hand out of bed, pressed that of the doctor, turned his face to the wall, and never spoke again. Later in the day he died, and Mr. Frith was appointed to take his place in the ranks of the Academy.

O. O.



YOUTH.—FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

## JOHN OLIVER HOBBS—AND SOME MORTALS.

## "THE VINEYARD."

By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.  
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

There are all the ingredients of a popular novel in this new work of Mrs. Craigie's. There is a hero, for example, handsome beyond belief, and the best rider in the county. There is a heroine, so pretty that her appearance is "a serious shock to everybody, from the Duchess downwards." She has a rich blush, glad brown eyes, red-brown hair, a willowy figure, a slender waist, shapely dimpled hands, and small feet. Very properly, she is in love with the handsome hero, and the handsome hero, just as properly, is in love with her. Then there is the silent, patient man, who returns from the wilds of Africa to find himself supplanted. There is a wicked solicitor's clerk, who places the hero in a particularly awkward position by running away with a large sum of money. There is a languid, selfish heiress who makes sheep's eyes at the hero. There is a brilliant young painter who lives with his widowed mother in a tiny house and wakes up one morning to find himself famous. There are two narrow-minded, fussy spinsters. There are people of title, and people who just know the people of title, and people who are bitterly envious of the people who just know the people of title. There is a charming setting, a sprinkling of epigrams, and a few touches of genuine humour.

So much for the ingredients. Now let us see how Mrs. Craigie mixes them together. The handsome hero, as we have said, is in love with the beautiful heroine. So far, so good. But the hero has only three hundred a-year, and the thought of matrimony on three hundred a-year strikes a chill to his exalted soul. He decides that, in some way or other, he must make money. Earning it, for so handsome a person, being out of the question, he hatches—much against his will—a dastardly plot. On the estate owned by the heiress there is supposed to be coal. Now, the heiress knows nothing of the coal, and it occurs to the solicitor's clerk and the hero that, without telling her of the existence of the coal, they might buy the estate for a comparatively small sum and then make a fortune. What could be simpler? They form a wee syndicate, arrange the price, and then—off goes the solicitor's clerk with the purchase-money. The news is brought to the hero as he is sitting in his father's office, and within an hour or so from that time almost everybody of importance in the story happens to call at the office. The heroine, for example, comes along, and proceeds to break off her engagement. The syndicate come along, and talk very rudely to the celebrated gentleman-rider. The mother of the heiress comes along, and, a little later, the confidential maid of the heiress puts in an appearance. All this time, the hero's father is sitting in an inner room, listening to a musical-box.

Well, the hero, as you may imagine, is in a pretty state of mind. Being a well-plucked one, however, he gets up from the sofa on which he has cast himself in sheer despair, brushes his moustache, wins a steeplechase, and proposes to the heiress. She accepts him, whereupon the heroine, having dried her eyes, arranges to take a little holiday on the Continent with the brilliant young painter and his widowed mother.

Such, in rough outline, is the story of "The Vineyard." Even Mrs. Craigie, we think, will admit that, the ingredients notwithstanding, the story does not work itself out on sympathetic lines. The characters, almost without exception, seem unreal. We have no affection either for the hero or the heroine. They may marry or not marry, just as they think fit. In any case, they will probably take uncommonly good care of themselves. The one man we really like is the silent fellow from Africa, and he, unfortunately, drops out of the tale long before the end and is never heard of again.

"The Vineyard" will be read, of course, by literary folk, who look to Mrs. Craigie for style, culture, philosophy, originality of thought; nor will they be disappointed. But it will bore the general.

## "THE FRUIT OF THE VINE."

By EDWIN PUGH.  
(John Long. 6s.)

Mr. Edwin Pugh has a curious talent for the portrayal of one phase of human misery. He is deeply impressed, as most of his books show, with the sorrows of the "artistic temperament" when it happens to have been born amid uncongenial and even antagonistic surroundings. His heroes and heroines, too, have a curious knack of blurring their intellectual brilliancy by falling into a sordid way of life peculiarly their own, even after they have done something to raise themselves above their early misfortunes. The present story is peculiar in its method. It is told by a gentleman of the name of Barney, who is rather chorus than narrator, for during the most of the time he is in conversation with a Mr. Gideon William Borlase, who is the real centre-piece and awful, though hopeful, example of the book. Gideon William, whose second name was given to him in honour of the Conqueror, from a childhood of unutterable squalor became an author of some repute, and, when in the zenith of his fame, took, unfortunately, to strong waters.

He was undone by frequent dinings at restaurants with "Mim," a woman separated from her husband, who kept him enthralled in an otherwise perfectly innocent attachment. One day, having called on the lady at her Chelsea lodging, a thing she strictly forbade, and in her absence having made himself at home and very tipsy, the hero is dismissed and "Mim" rejoins her husband. Pity and terror in various scenes at length purge Gideon William, who closes his autobiography with smug platitudes of satisfaction over his own regeneration. "I have naught," says Barney impressively, "to add to Gideon's words." For which relief, indeed, we accord him much thanks.

## "THE MAN IN THE WOOD."

By MARY STUART BOYD.  
(Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

Mrs. Boyd is a born story-teller, and the reader is made to feel that, given the characters she presents with so much truth and vividness, all they think, and say, and do, in spite of some rather "steep" coincidences, is natural and, indeed, almost inevitable. It is a relief nowadays to come across an honest, unpretentious story like this; evidently the work of a woman who possesses not only intelligence, but—what are so much rarer—heart, sympathy, feeling, and insight into complex human nature. Yet it is not a sugary book. For instance, Mrs. Boyd has drawn a merciless picture of the stingy, interfering, narrow-minded, self-sufficient type of clergyman, Nonconformity's great recruiting-sergeant in rural parishes. Mrs. Pell-Taskin's daughters, silly and vulgar, yet secretly chafing at their mother's tyranny, are very real, too. The central figure in the book, however, is Mrs. Pell-Taskin's niece, Veka, to whom befalls the adventure with "the man in the wood"—a convict. This girl—gawky, under-fed, and hopelessly out of her element in the commonplace Rectory—behaves with such bravery and common-sense that she succeeds in shipping her convict off to Ceylon without being discovered. Courage is Veka's great virtue, and she has fresh occasion for it when the convict returns, transformed into the well-to-do manager of a tea-estate. Some humorous scenes with the Pell-Taskin aunt and cousins follow before the story reaches its natural ending. Mrs. Boyd apparently supposes that the Home Secretary can himself grant pardons to convicts. Of course, he can only advise the Crown, and it is pretty certain that no Home Secretary that ever lived would take such a course in favour of Veka's convict, who had actually broken out of Portland, however clear it might be that the Judge who tried the case was suffering from softening of the brain.

## "THE TUTOR'S LOVE STORY."

By WALTER FRITH.  
(Constable. 6s.)

"The Tutor's Love Story" is precisely what its title sets it out to be, but by no means precisely what the practised novel-reader, who has learned that such titles too often cloak the insipidity of a vapid amourette or the sordid amour of the Divorce Court, will expect. Neither the idealist seeker after heroic romance nor the furtive hunter of questionable characters with unmentionable characteristics will be gratified by the book. It is a study in silver-point; to the average love-novel as the miniature to the Titanic oil-painting; daintily conceived and daintily executed. It is written: "By his dreams you may know the lover; or rather, you would know the lover if you knew his dreams." So, by the dreams re-dreamed in his diary—that most discreet of confidants—we know the soul of the "Preceptor," its exaltations and its depressions, its days of sun and its days of cloud. And by these same dreams we know also the man, unexpectedly learning what it is to *have* to work, conscious of a deep passion but too sensitive to express it—a vacillating philosopher. So, we learn with him to love the charming "Madonna by Greuze," Lucy Prince, struggling, like the tutor himself, with a great, inarticulate love. To these two the story owes its being, but to others are given parts that make them—true or false, entirely or in part material—wholly welcome. These are depicted as unerringly as the chief characters: "Johnny" Ball, the social Arab, the Draytons and the Burnsides, Maclean, hero of a tragedy as poignant as that of Harry Feversham in "The Four Feathers," Lord Archibald, Miss Calthorpe, Statham and his "allumeuse" wife, the unfortunate Dick Gordon, and the rest, will live in the memory. Nor does Mr. Frith confine himself to the limning of portraits; his descriptive work is equally delicate and equally true—

First, three men trudging along market-day pace in cheerful conversation; then a cart, an ordinary farm-cart, smartly driven, quite in the merry carter style with cracking whip; and in the cart a dull black coffin of inked deal, with black-leaded handles, and beside it a fat white man in mourning, sitting with his arm thrown carelessly over it. The arm might have been round a child's neck, or over a sack of potatoes for all the attitude expressed of grief. Indeed, he seemed quite satisfied with himself and his funeral, and plainly looked at me for admiration as I stood on one side and took off my cap.

That is but one of many word-pictures in the tutor's eloquent "Father Confessor."





THE GUIDE.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



A STROKE OF LUCK

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.



## MOVEMENTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

Recorded by JOHN HASSALL.



VII.—“THE SETTLEMENT CONCLUDED.”

## A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

## A RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN.



SIR GILBERT TRESHAM was like the Knight in the ballad who had neither food nor fire-wood. That is to say, he had very few more possessions than his debts, his handsome face and figure, a ruinous old castle somewhere in the wilds of Ireland, and his sword.

He had covered himself with glory in the Wars in the Low Countries, and it was said that he had it in him to carve his way to fortune as John Churchill had done it.

Anyhow, when peace was proclaimed and he came home covered with laurels, there were a good many ladies ready to spoil him with their smiles and praises: and at first he took kindly to it, and swaggered in drawing-rooms, and was splendid and gay and reckless, as though he did not owe for the very suit on his back, and know that the tailor, with a good many other accommodating gentlemen, counted on his making a rich marriage, so that their debts might be paid off with interest.

There were a good many fortunes that would not have objected to being Lady Tresham, and he might have flung himself away carelessly, for it was not in him to resist a woman, if it had not been for Lady Mary Trelawny, who saw in the lad a likeness to her dead son and took an inordinate fancy to him.

Lady Mary was a delightful old lady, with white hair and pink cheeks and eyes as bright as her diamonds, and Gilbert Tresham was not the one to be insensible to her charm. She took possession of him almost as though he had been the boy he was thought to resemble, and soon there was not a thought of his brave, honest, simple, proud heart that she did not know.

They were on terms of a tender intimacy, and he laughed in her face, albeit he blushed, while she ran over the list of the fortunes who might be his, dismissing one after the other with a wave of her fan.

"And, above all," she said, "beware of Joan Courtenay, for she means to have you. And she is handsome enough fresh from the hands of her maid, but under the powder her head is grey and under the rouge her cheek is yellow. She is fully fifty years of age and has a vile temper. Everyone knows that she ought to have married Mr. Anthony Brandon, but she drove him from her with her tongue and then was too bitter to recall him; and, if she were to marry you, it would not be for anything but that she would spite the gentleman who loved her and would show to the world that she is not too old for love."

Sir Gilbert protested, as he had done many times, that the ladies but honoured him with their kindness, and had no thought to marry him: but of that Lady Mary took no heed, although she liked him the better for his modesty.

And when he met Mrs. Joan at the card-table or in the dance, he forgot what Lady Mary had said about her age, for, if there were crow's-feet to her eyes and the face was tired under its rouge, she was dazzling still. And in her way she was as kind to him as Lady Mary.

But his boy's heart was yet unawakened till one evening, at a rout, he saw a young girl, sitting in the shadow of a frowning old man, and dressed in green and white like a snowdrop in February. He watched her from a little distance, and presently he observed the old man lead the girl to where Lady Mary sat on a seat by the wall, and introduce the two with much bowing and many gestures. And then, apparently having satisfied himself of the young lady's safety, he went off with great briskness as fast as his short legs would carry him to the card-room.

Sir Gilbert at once crossed the room and took the seat by Lady Mary's side which was always kept for him, and was introduced to the young lady, whose name he learned was Mrs. Prue. And no more he learned for that night, although he led her out to dance many times, and towards the close of the evening, when Lady Mary had made one of a party at Ombre, he contrived to have her to himself in an alcove for a full hour. By the end of which time he was head over ears in love with her and she with him, although they barely knew each other's names.

The following morning, calling on Lady Mary when she was sipping her chocolate, he announced that he was consumed with love for Mrs. Prue and that she returned it, and Mrs. Prue he would marry and no other lady.

Lady Mary rolled her eyes and clasped her hands in such a fashion that he thought she was going to have the hysterics like a fashionable Miss, and would have rung for her woman if she had not come to with a startling suddenness and prevented him.

"Little Prue," she said, "little Prue, Lord Overbury's daughter! Was there ever such folly?"

He looked at her with a hurt face and her own softened.

"Lord Overbury," she said, more gently, "hates the Irish more than any man living, for

that he once insulted an Irishman and had his nose slit. He said he smelt a Tory, and the Irishman said he would save his smelling another, so sliced off the tip of his nose. His Lordship minded the laughter more than the hurt."

"I should have done the same if I were the Irishman," said Tresham, calmly.

"Prue is one of the greatest heiresses in England, and you have not a penny."

"She does not care for that," said the lover.

"Ah, but what of her father?"

"I am not marrying her father."

So infectious was the confidence of the youth that while he was with her Lady Mary almost believed that the impossible could happen and that Lord Overbury would consent to his daughter's marriage with a penniless soldier of the race he hated.

But when he was gone from her she knew better. Lord Overbury would not see him as she saw him, with the memory of the beloved dead to make his gallant carelessness and generosity the more winning.

Having made up his mind that he must possess Mrs. Prue, and that as soon as possible, Tresham dressed himself like a bridegroom, in a white silk suit watered with silver, and drove in a coach to Overbury Park, which was a secluded place beyond the pastures of Kensington and Fulham.

The same evening he flung himself into Lady Mary's boudoir in a towering passion. He was handsomer than ever in his frenzy as he stood over her, telling her the insults Lord Overbury had heaped upon him. As the narrative moved him he strode up and down, the silver of his suit seeming to float like water in the light of the candles. Lady Mary, apart from her tender association with Sir Gilbert, loved a handsome man, and her eyes glistened as she watched him. He was magnificent, Olympian, Jovian! What woman could resist him if he wanted her?

"And was that the end of the interview?" she asked, as he paused for breath.

"The end of the interview," he replied, flinging back his elegant head so suddenly that the powder flew, "was a fouler insult even than those I have mentioned to my country. At which I bowed to the Lord Overbury, and 'Your Lordship,' said I, 'if it were not that you are an old man, and that I am going to marry your daughter, I would finish that slitting of your nose which a countryman of mine began but spared to finish.' And so I left him, so like, I thought, to have a fit that I ordered the footman as I passed through the hall to fetch a physician, lest there should be need to bleed him."

"And you look to marry his daughter after that!" said Lady Mary, laughing. "Not that I blame you, child. He is too violent. He is horrible in his tempers."

"I can forgive him"—Tresham's face suddenly cleared—"because he brought into the world a thing so sweet and innocent as Mrs. Prue. Why, now I think of it, she is like Ireland—smiles and tears, mists and sunshine, softness and wildness: the airs of Ireland are in her dear face."

After that he haunted the places where Lord Overbury and Mrs. Prue were to be found, and spoke with the lady if but for a moment Lord Overbury relaxed his vigilance. Till one morning there came a letter from Mrs. Prue, handed in by a footman, in which she bid him trouble her no more, since she was promised to Mr. Anthony Brandon, an honourable gentleman in the West Country.

He went to his friend, Lady Mary, like a madman, and flung the letter in her lap.



"Do you suppose it is a plot," he said, "and that she never wrote it? Or is it in women to look innocent as daisies while their hearts are full of black deception? She swore that she loved me and would never wed another."

Lady Mary looked at the letter. She saw what he did not for his fury—a great tear-drop that had corroded the ink midway of the letter. Doubtless the girl had written it with her fierce old father standing over her. But she said nothing of the tear. It would be a thousand pities, she thought, if the boy were to break his heart over little Prue, since Lord Overbury would never consent; and, besides, Lady Mary was having her niece to stay with her—a handsome girl with a pretty fortune of her own, who might be trusted to catch Sir Gilbert Tresham's heart in the rebound.

"Is it her letter?" he asked, impatiently.

"It is hers," said Lady Mary; "and ill-spelt, as becomes the letter of a woman of fashion. Anthony Brandon, too! Why, he might well be her father! I wonder how Joan Courtenay will take it."

Sir Gilbert flung himself out. For once Lady Mary had failed him with the proper mood of sympathy.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, he went straight off to Mrs. Courtenay, was admitted with flattering alacrity, and found her just out of her hair-dresser's hands, in a flowered sacque, looking her handsomest.

She had hardly time to wonder at his early appearance when he blurted out what he had come upon.

"There is a marriage about to be," he said, "in which we both have a more than common interest. Mr. Anthony Brandon of Brandon is about to marry Mrs. Prue, Lord Overbury's daughter. Will you marry me, Mrs. Joan?"

Mrs. Courtenay went white under her rouge. Then her black eyes lit up with sudden fires, and she was shaken from head to foot with some withering passion. For an instant she did not seem to remember that he was there. Then her thoughts came back to him, and her lips were suddenly set.

"I will marry you," she said, "but I have a whim that you run away with me. I have been much desired in my time, sir. I will not have it said that I am married for my fortune."

Something kind and pitiful came into his face.

"Why, no one could say that," he said, and lifted her hand to his lips.

He found a parson with a little church near Oxford to put up the banns for their marriage, and one starry and frosty morning of December he lifted Mrs. Joan from her chair as she went home from a rout on to the pillion behind him, and rode with her as fast as he could; while the chairmen, to whom he had flung guineas, shouted with all their might for the Watch as soon as the fugitives were at a safe distance.

They had not gone more than two miles when the snow began to fall. It was snow on snow, for there had been a heavy fall the week before; and at Uxbridge, where they breakfasted and had a fresh horse, they were warned that the snow had drifted some miles on, deep enough in places to bog the "Flying Mercury," which was the mail-coach from Bristol to London.

But there was no question of their staying. The parson and the clerk awaited them in the Oxfordshire village, and Mrs. Joan must be made a wife before the day was over. She was impatient to push on, as impatient as though she were a happy and eager bride.

"Why, what is that," Tresham asked suddenly, "at the foot of the hill in front of us? Is it a coach, Joan? Yes, I think it is. And it is in trouble. It looks to me as though one wheel had been caught in the drift. We are in time to render some travellers assistance."

"If we are delayed, the snow may hinder us reaching our journey's end," she said.

He had an idea that there was something of hopefulness in her voice, yet was it likely that Mrs. Joan dreaded the marriage, seeing how sweet she had been to him?

Pounding along the white road, where was yet a hard track between the heaped-up drifts, they came up with the coach.

"I believe it is a wedding," he said to his companion, as they rode up.

The four fat horses were, indeed, decked with wedding-favours, as was the old coachman on the box.

Tresham rode close to the coach, and, when he had come alongside the window, he bent to speak to the occupant. Then he went on sharply for a few paces before he pulled up and placed the reins in Mrs. Joan's hands.

"I would move gently up and down," said he, "for the cold is freezing."

She was too absorbed in her thoughts to ask him any questions. Obediently she rode at a walking pace to the top of the hill, whence, looking before her, she saw a rider disappearing in distance. It was Lord Overbury himself, who had been riding by his daughter's coach when the mishap occurred, and, becoming impatient when his footman did not return with help, had started out himself in pursuit.

Meanwhile, Tresham was leaning into the coach. At first, he meant to be bitter; but the sight of Mrs. Prue's face, withered like a flower in the frost, smote him sharply and silenced the scornful congratulations on his lips.

"Are you on your way to your wedding, Prue?" he asked, and forgot that she had bid him think no more of her.

For suddenly her face had become like a rose at the sight of him.

"I am on my way to a most unwilling wedding," she said, and put her two small, cold hands trembling into his. "It is a wedding of my father's making. Oh, do not be angry with me, seeing how much I have suffered! How can fathers be so hard?"

"You should not have yielded to him," he said, and opened the door of the coach.

"I have yielded to him all my life," she said. "But you ought not to have listened to my letter. You ought to have known that it was forced from me. I looked for you day after day, but you never came."

Her little, cold hands were fondling him, and he forgot Mrs. Joan riding the black horse up and down in the snow. He leant further into the carriage, and he kissed Mrs. Prue's soft, chilly lips.

"You are on your way to your wedding!" he said, in a fury, remembering Mrs. Joan.

"Alas, yes," she replied, "and the gentleman is as much in love with another lady as I am with another man. When I am with him he thinks of her and his eyes are far away and his voice unhappy."

"It would be Mistress Joan Courtenay, his old love," said Tresham, palpitating.

"I think that is the lady's name."

"Prue, will you come with me and be married at Aston Wickham Church, about ten miles from here? And we will send Mrs. Joan to Mr. Brandon for his bride."

"She was the lady who rode with you?"

"We were marrying each other out of desperation. Come, Prue, Heaven gives us a wonderful chance for happiness. Let us take it."

She had leaped into his arms and was out in the frozen snow in an instant, and Mrs. Joan came riding up, staring at the white figure in its long coat of white velvet and swansdown that kept warm the bridal finery, and the veil of fine lace over the hair.

"Quick, quick, Joan!" cried Tresham. "Mr. Anthony Brandon awaits his bride, and he loves no one but you. Heaven gives us another chance. Off with your riding-coat and into Mrs. Prue's cloak and veil. As for you, sir," he spoke to the coachman, "I will give you a hundred guineas to shut your eyes to the change of brides."

"Lord Overbury will give me as many grains of shot if I wait for him," said the rascal, grinning. "But I shall not wait. He will drive himself home from church, or John, the footman, may do it. See you, sir, I love little Missy. Why, I drove her to her christening. I did not like this job of marrying her to one old enough to be her father, whose heart was not in the match, more-betoken."

"It is a good day for all of us," said Tresham.

The ladies had now changed, and Mrs. Joan was sitting in Mrs. Prue's place, the veil over her head and face, her eyes brighter than diamonds beneath it, while Mrs. Prue's wedding finery was tucked away under Mrs. Joan's long scarlet riding-coat.

"Give me a kiss, Joan," Tresham said, before he turned from the coach. "Prue will not grudge it to me, and your bridegroom, when you tell him, will say that he can spare me this one of many, since he will have you for all his days."

She kissed him with the lips of eighteen, and he muttered to himself that Lady Mary had wronged her in imputing to her those fifty years.

Then he and Mrs. Prue were off, and the snow was falling more thickly around them with every step. He had no reason to complain that Mrs. Prue, on her pillion, did not clasp him tightly enough. It was a cold and a wet ride, but he was used to say afterwards that he had never had one so sweet, for at every stumble of the horse Mrs. Prue cried out and held him the closer, and, looking back to soothe her alarms, he saw her face like a rose within the warmly lined hood.

They all but had an encounter with the Lord Overbury, who came leading his horse down a by-road, with half-a-dozen fellows stumbling through the snow behind him. He barely glanced at the rider who passed in front of him with a red-cloaked woman behind him on a pillion, for which dulness of his he cursed himself roundly an hour later.

But by this time Mrs. Prue and Tresham were man and wife. And Mrs. Joan did not reveal herself till her bridegroom came to meet her at the church-door.

"Mistress Prudence by this time is Madam Tresham," she said, and her cheek was pale; "and if you still love me, Anthony Brandon, I am ready to be your wife."

"I have never loved any other," he said; "and you make me the happiest man alive."

So they were married, while Lord Overbury was riding on a fool's errand after the runaway couple. But he did not come up with them till they were quite two months married, since, after the marriage, Sir Gilbert Tresham took his bride to Ireland, where they lay hidden till she began to fret for her father's forgiveness.

After all, the Lord Overbury, like a choleric man, forgave easier than one might suppose, having, perhaps, exhausted his rancour in those first fits of his passion. And in time, when his son-in-law had risen to the highest honour and distinction in the King's service, he forgave him for being an Irishman, and was even heard to say that it was a gallant race, although turbulent and over-quick in a quarrel.

As for Mrs. Joan, after her marriage she gave up the card-table and gossip and late hours, and became a country-lover and a home-keeping woman, and made her lord the happiest man alive, as he had said, and in time presented him with an heir.

THE END.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



NOT a little sentimental interest has been manifested in the rumour of the possible artistic reunion of Miss Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving, a union which was practically co-extensive with the reign of England's greatest actor at the Lyceum. Whether the play will be forthcoming in which they can both be seen to their greatest advantage is naturally a question which only time can answer, but there are obviously greater difficulties in the way than there were a quarter of a century ago, when, as one finds from looking up the files of the old newspapers, the partnership evoked an enormous amount of interest and enthusiasm. Miss Terry herself suggested if she did not emphasise the difficulty when she renounced the part of Margaret in "Faust" and played Queen Katharine in "Henry the Eighth" at Stratford with Mr. F. R. Benson, remarking to a representative of *The Sketch* at the time that that was the line of parts with which she meant to associate herself in the future. With Sir Henry, however,

A good deal of interest and curiosity has been aroused regarding the origin of the pseudonym "Thomas Raceward," adopted by Messrs. Percival, Hodges, and Irwin, the triumvirate of authors who have written "Sunday." The riddle may be unravelled by a consideration of their Christian names, which are respectively Thomas, Horace, and Edward. With this knowledge it is easy to piece out the problem. What method was adopted in this decidedly unusual collaboration it is impossible to say, for the authors refuse to give any hint as to their working procedure, and will only admit that their aim was to tell a story in a simple, straightforward fashion.

The supremacy of the Strand as the dominant influence in the theatrical world is threatened by Shaftesbury Avenue, which, besides its three existing theatres, the Shaftesbury, the Lyric, and the Apollo, will presently have three more. The fact is not only interesting in itself, but is further significant in that it shows the westward trend



MR. R. C. CARTON, WHOSE NEW COMEDY IS TO BE PRESENTED AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE SHORTLY.



MRS. R. C. CARTON (MISS COMPTON), WHO IS TAKING THE LEADING PART IN HER HUSBAND'S NEW COMEDY.

*Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*

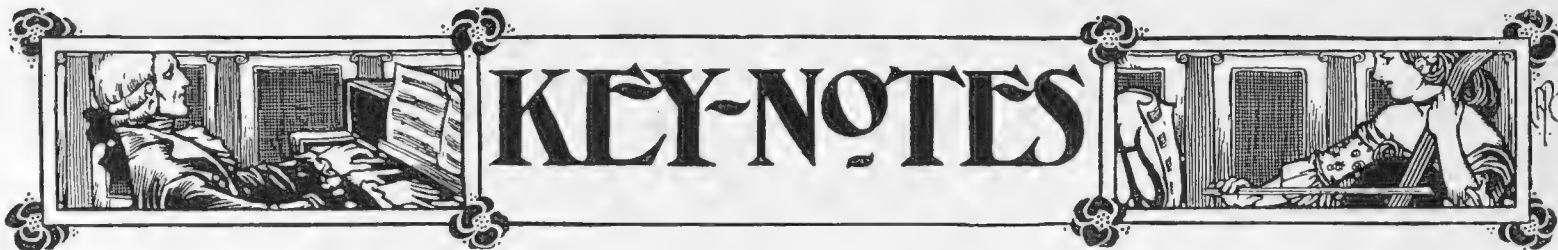
there can be no such difficulty, for, as a character-actor, he has been accustomed to playing old parts as much as young ones, and Nature now lends him in the simulation of years the assistance which he had before to borrow from Art.

At what theatre will the adaptation of Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle's novel, "The Bath Comedy," be seen? For that "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," as it is called, will be produced in London goes without the saying, seeing that it has been the supreme success of the New York season, where it has been running since November to enormous houses. The adaptation is the work of Mr. Castle and Mr. David Belasco, and readers of the novel will be interested in knowing that the atmosphere has been changed to a military one, thus allowing for a picturesqueness of costume which was thought unobtainable in civilian attire in the days when beaux and belles wore powder and patches and no gallant went out without a small sword hanging at his side. The frame required for the picture is enormous, so that His Majesty's is obviously indicated, while the fact that the protagonist part is a woman would make it contra-indicated, as the doctors say, for Mr. Tree. This character is being acted by Miss Henrietta Crosman, a comedian of fine quality, with a delicately arch yet strong sense of humour and a distinctive personality.

of life which all great cities develop sooner or later in their history. For some time the eastern end of the Strand has been looked upon as theatrically doomed, only the Strand Theatre being left of those which clustered in the neighbourhood. In time, no doubt, the walls of some at present unbuilt theatre on Piccadilly towards the Park, under some at present unsyndicated impresario, will echo with the laughter of some at present unborn audiences attracted by some at present unknown musical comedy evolved from the inner consciousness of some at present undiscovered author and composer.

Can there really be a dearth of home-made musical comedy when the Prince of Wales' Theatre has to revert to a revival of "La Poupée," which, no reader of *The Sketch* will need reminding, was one of the most considerable successes ever produced at that house—so successful that it has practically been running ever since in the provinces? The question is the more significant in face of the fact that "The Cingalee" is heard in the Green-room to have represented practically a year's work. This is a striking contrast to one of the earliest and most successful of the long string of musical comedies—perhaps the progenitor of the modern series—which was conceived, invented, and constructed during the course of an afternoon, a sufficiently long time, one would think.





THE lull in the world of music, so far as London is concerned, which is inevitable with the approach of Easter is only another instance of the religious manner in which Calendar Holidays are kept by the centre of the English world. Suddenly, even preposterously, all immediate calls upon secular musicianship are swept on one side, and, in substitution, concerts are given of the most straitly religious character, concerts which very definitely gladden the spirit of the domestic hearth, and fulfil every ideal which emanates from that ancient institution. Holy Week becomes among English people a sort of obsession.

While one is on that subject, one may mention the new issue of Handel's "The Passion of Christ," edited by Professor Ebenezer Prout and published by Messrs. Novello. The work was written, one is told, about the year 1716, to a poem by Barthold Brockes. Its history is so far extraordinary inasmuch as it preceded Bach's "Matthew Passion," and that it was known by the great Leipzig Cantor. Indeed, one of the five existing manuscript-copies is in the handwriting of Bach and his wife. Professor Prout, always true to his characteristic method of suggestion, has herewith, in the words of the Rev. James Baden-Powell, who has abridged the score for Church use, planned the present volume according to lines which will, no doubt, find sympathy in many quarters. So long ago as 1878, Professor Prout edited the work of which the present issue is now, in its "drawn and quartered form" (for, indeed, three-quarters of the work now disappears into space), before us. There are suggestions as to the manner in which the work might be produced in public, made by the editor of the abridgment, which need not occupy us at the present moment.

The suggestion of a "Concert-goers' Club" was distinctly happy in its inception, so far as the idea was concerned, and the inaugural meeting thereof last week at the Grafton Galleries was in many ways very successful. It is true that Mr. Donald Francis Tovey's lecture on Beethoven's "Mass in D" was, perhaps, somewhat removed from one's natural perspective of Club-land and Club-life, and, indeed, on the occasion in question it was exceedingly difficult to hear all that Mr. Tovey had to say; but the aims and objects of the Club, nevertheless, have nothing to do with Mr. Tovey's views or with his manner of expressing them. Mr. Tovey is an admirable and earnest musician. It is easy to note that music is with him, both in its history and in its practice, a sacred matter, so far as he is concerned; but it occasionally happens that men who take themselves very seriously, indeed are rather unsympathetic (may one put the matter so?) with the ordinary views even of the artist who desires in every respect to advance the musical progress of things at every point.

It is very easy to gibe, as some of the younger critics have made it their practice to do—and, for youth, the habit of gibing is apparently part of the commonplace things of life—at all that is not immediately modern in the art of music; but the fact remains that there is an element of modernity in all vital and perdurable music which can never be cast out of it. Thus one, at this time especially, is reminded that a composer like Palestrina has no capacity for old-age; he never wanders into the past so far as to become the prey of pedants; and his versions of the "Passions" remain eternally young, ever appealing. The quotation of a line of Shakspeare—"Thus did I keep my person fresh and new, my presence like a robe pontifical, ne'er seen but wondered at"—is apt, for Palestrina was essentially a Pontifical composer; he was the servant of Popes and the Pontiff of musicians.

His counterpoint is a lesson to the students of to-day, and his musical gravity is a doctrine of restraint which might even teach an extra virtue to Richard Strauss.

The Concerts of the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Dr. Frederic Cowen, continue the even tenor of that way which has made the Society probably the most distinguished and the most select musical body that is known to the modern world. At its last concert a really excellent performance of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony was secured, although, towards the end, the performance became just a trifle slack. Mr. Leonard Borwick took the part of the solo instrument in Brahms's Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra (in D Minor), and played admirably, even though the Concerto itself is one of the "foggiest things"—to quote Artemus Ward—ever

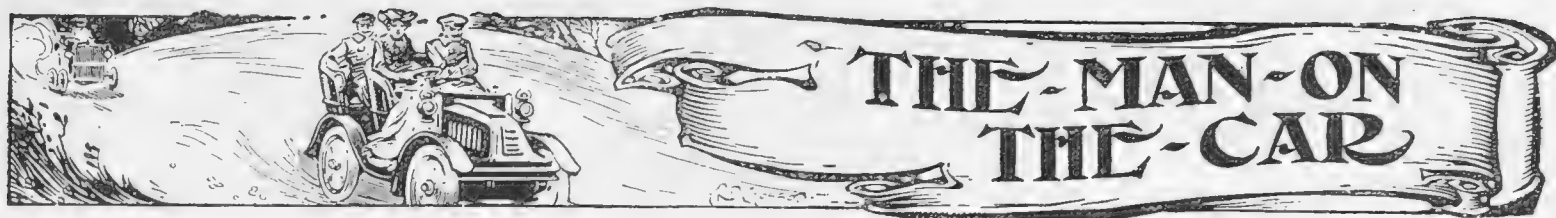
conceived by the human brain. The concert concluded with Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," a work which the public is gradually beginning to estimate at its true worth. When one remembers that "Tristan und Isolde" was produced in the 'sixties and is even now only partially understood, one feels that Strauss has much reason to congratulate himself upon the quick appreciation which has greeted his extremely modern and exceedingly complex music: one says complex, but it is necessary to remember that with music, as with most things, everything depends upon the immediate point of view. The Emperor of Austria was good enough to inform Mozart that there were too many notes in the score of "Don Giovanni," and doubtless there are many who think that Strauss is too exuberant in his scoring.—COMMON CHORD.



M. LÉOPOLD WENZEL, WHO HAS RESIGNED THE MUSICAL-DIRECTORSHIP OF THE EMPIRE.

Photograph by Louis, Euston Road, N.W.

The announcement that M. Léopold Wenzel is leaving the Empire Theatre has more than a passing interest, for it calls attention to the work of a man who has hardly received full justice at the hands of his critics. I do not think that anybody will dispute the suggestion that ballets have been responsible for the Empire's success. The directors have surrounded themselves with the best talent that money and discriminating selection could bring to their service, and ballets have been entrusted to a really remarkable triumvirate—Madame Katti Lanner and MM. Wenzel and Wilhelm. They have passed from triumph to triumph, aided by artists like Mesdames Cavallazzi-Mapleson, Cerali, Bettina de Sortis, and Lydia Nelidova. Unfortunately, spectacular ballet, having no English tradition, has never been properly understood; the subtle graces of Madame Lanner's arrangement and groupings, the skill and daring of Wilhelm's combinations, the wonderful range of M. Wenzel's art are appreciated and applauded, but outside the circle of the Empire's patrons I am not convinced that they have received their due. Léopold Wenzel has brought to the making of ballet gifts that have not failed to express any note in the gamut of emotions. He is a master of passion and of sentiment, no dance-rhythm can baffle him, he has humour, and his knowledge of the full resources of the modern orchestra makes his scores glow with a wealth of colour that would surely have delighted Berlioz himself. In the lightest vein of fancy he gave us the music of "Katrina," only saved from the worst penalties of popularity by the many difficulties it offered to the brazen amateur; in the vein of sparkling musical comedy he wrote the scores of "Round the Town" and "Old China," while for more serious work that rose to the highest level of achievement the score of "Monte Cristo" will, happily, remain in evidence. Whatever the mood of the ballet, he has interpreted it for us until the splendid spectacle has seemed to find a voice in response to his guiding hand, and his departure from the Empire is matter for sincere regret. S. L. B.



*Gordon-Bennett Race—Alcohol—Ingenuous Instruments—High-tension Ignition.*

EVERYTHING promises well for the safe and successful conduct of the Gordon-Bennett Eliminating Trials in the Isle of Man on May 10 next. Mr. Julian Orde, the energetic and tactful Secretary of the Automobile Club, has apparently sweetened all the officials in the island, from the Governor to the Deemster, so that all are ready to afford every assistance in their power, particularly the Highway Board, who will take the kinks out of the road in several places, and, at one point, will actually construct a new flat S-shaped curve to do away with a dangerous corner. Good folks the Manxmen, and sportsmen withal. During his last visit, Mr. Orde found it desirable to vary the route from that published some time since, and now, with the event started from Quarter Bridge, just outside Douglas, the course to be traversed passes through Ballasalla, Castletown, where there will be a control, and the cars turned northward for the run through

Amongst the numerous interesting stands at the late Agricultural Hall, Show, that of Messrs. Smith and Sons, the well-known chronometer-makers, of the Strand, was by no means the least attractive. Messrs. Smith and Sons showed their distance-and-speed-recorder instrument to the tell-tale readings of which the Magistrates at Guildford, in Mr. de Rodakowski's celebrated case, gave particular credence. In addition to the aid the recorder might prove against constabulary errors, it is a most interesting instrument to have fitted upon one's dashboard, just to beguile the journey, and, secondly, to limit the tendency of the automobilist to overestimate his rate of progress. Another excellent instrument is the stop-watch with dial ingeniously painted in such wise that, having taken the time occupied in covering a mile, one is able straightway to read off the speed of the car in miles per hour.



MR. S. F. EDGE ON HIS NEW EIGHTY HORSE-POWER NAPIER, SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE 1904 GORDON-BENNETT RACE.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*

Foxdale, Ballacraigne, Glen Helen, Kirkmichael, Ballaugh, Ballaugh Old Church, Sandgate, St. Jude's, Ramsey, and southward again to Douglas over the mountain-road rising one thousand three hundred and twenty feet above the sea-level in six miles.

If the views placed lately before the Automobile Club by that talented chemist, Dr. Ormandy, are correct—and I see no reason to doubt them—automobilists in this and other non-petroleum-producing countries will some day find themselves stuck by a petrol famine or a petrol "corner." The first must arrive sooner or later by the process of exhaustion, while the second may be engineered by the plutocrats, already bloated by monopoly, to-morrow or the next day. To quote Dr. Ormandy, alcohol—not the alcohol that, entering by the mouth, taketh away the brains, but alcohol made beastly by some nauseous admixture—should be used in lieu of petrol. It can be done, for in part France has already done it, while Germany, by care, forethought, and enterprise, could to-day, if needed, laugh a petrol famine to scorn, what time our cars would be languishing in their stables. Dr. Ormandy would have everybody interested in the use of petrol and industrial petrol agog and working to urge upon the authorities the burning necessity of freeing the manufacture of industrial alcohol from the present hide-bound restrictions which have cost us already our aniline-dye trade and forces us to-day to buy cheap spirit from the Germans.

Considerable advances are still being made in the design and construction of apparatus for use in connection with high-tension ignition. At the late Show the new induction-coils were shown, which are certain to obtain favour amongst automobilists in the immediate future. One is the high-speed trembling-coil devised and made by Messrs. Fuller and Sons, of Woodland Works, Bow, the construction of which, so far as the trembler itself is concerned, is a distinct departure in this particular. The armature, instead of being placed at the end and forming part of a tongue, is mounted upon two parallel lengths of thin piano-wire, which can be tensioned, just as piano-wires are tensioned, by two small screws. It is claimed that, upon the excitement of the coil by the passage of the primary current, this armature so carried vibrates no less than ten thousand times per minute, the movements being so minute and rapid that they can only be felt, and not seen. The effect at the jumping-gap of the sparking-plug is to produce a perfect rain of sparks which no carbon deposit or oil can withstand. The other improved coil was by Blake, of Kew, who obtained excellent results by a special method of mounting the usual tongue-trembler.

By the 18th prox. the Ladies' Automobile Club will find themselves established in dainty and spacious quarters at Claridge's Hotel, where all accommodation necessary for fair automobilists will be found. Mrs. Frances Gerard Leigh is particularly interested in the Club.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Exit Jumping—Epsom—"Lumberers"—Order of Running—Quick Results.*

WITH the decision of the Grand National, all real interest in the jumping business may be said to have died for the season, although a few enthusiasts try to excite themselves over the race for the Lancashire Steeplechase, that is always set for decision on Easter Monday. Many leading sportsmen regretted the accident which befell Ambush II. at Liverpool, as the second of Kirkland proved, if it proved anything, that the King's horse must have won easily had he only stood up. But Ambush II. lives to fight another day, and in the meantime we must congratulate the Epsom contingent on the victory of Moifaa. The late Lord Chief Justice once told me that, in his opinion, Grand National winners could be trained at Epsom. This was just before Ilex brought off a successful coup for my old friend the late George Masterman. Surely the win of Moifaa will give an impetus to the jumping business at Epsom.

The Epsom Spring Meeting will take place on April 19 and 20, and, come what may, the going is bound to be good, as the course has been well looked after during the winter by the indefatigable Clerk of the Course, Mr. H. M. Dorling. The Great Metropolitan, in my opinion, is one of the prettiest races of the year to watch, but those people unacquainted with the race-track should learn beforehand the actual course to be covered, so as to follow the race closely from start to finish. The horses come to the top of Tattenham Corner, then turn sharp back and make straight for the Derby course, and come round again by the station, and then home by the straight course. I hope the race will not have to be run over again this time, as was the case last year, when, luckily, Wavelet's Pride scored twice. I think either Torrent or Mark Time will win, unless The Roc, trained by J. Chandler, is an exceptionally fine stayer. The City and Suburban will be a big speculating medium this year. I have heard good accounts of Dean Swift, a very smart colt last year, and Aggressor.

A dead-set has of late been made against advertising tipsters. There are some good and some bad men among them, but it can be truthfully said of the majority of the men who advertise that they do try to do justice by their clients. If they fail, over goes the show, as

backers nowadays are very 'cute. Further, information is available where it was not get-at-able a decade back. I think, however, some notice should be taken of the "lumberers," who, if report speaks truly, have been very busily engaged of late in plucking the pigeons. These rascals look out for minors with good prospects or for soft young men who have just come of age and into big fortunes. They work schemes unknown to ordinary men, and generally succeed in getting big sums of money from their innocent dupes.

I wonder the Railway Companies and the Stewards of the Jockey Club do not come to some arrangement as to the times for the running of the principal races. The convenience of the travelling public ought to be fully considered in this matter, both with regard to getting to the course and getting from it. The big race of the day at all meetings should take place not later than 3.15. At the suburban meetings it would then be possible for City men to leave their offices at two, see the big race, and get back to business in time to attend to the country post. It is the little details that are so neglected by many of our racecourse officials, who would rather do a turn to the refreshment contractors than to the occupants of Tattersall's Ring. The time has nearly arrived when English racegoers will demand at home the same treatment that is meted out to them when travelling abroad.

An attempt is being made by some enterprising people to get results quickly from the course, and it may not be considered out of place here to inform His Majesty's Postmaster-General—who, by-the-by, is none other than that good sportsman and owner of racehorses, Lord Stanley—that nothing has been devised yet that could beat the Post Office wires if the latter were worked to the greatest advantage, and those connected with racing will agree with me that it should not be possible to obtain winners before they were sent out by the Post Office authorities. All results of races, without any exception, should be treated by the officials as special messages and should be despatched the moment they are handed in. I believe this is done in the case of big races, but not with the minor events, which have to take their turn.

CAPTAIN COE.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS A DOG-FANCIER.

*Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT is a noticeable fact that an occasion like the lamented death of the Duke of Cambridge, which imposes mourning as a social obligation for a certain number of weeks, generally causes women to remember how becoming is black, and that, instead of doffing it promptly when the appointed time has elapsed, numbers of orders pour in on the *couturières* for new black gowns. Granted a decent skin, a passable figure, and any pretensions to pretty hair, and how immeasurably better a woman looks in black than any other colour! When crape was worn unto the fourth generation by resigned relations, there was a legend that grief was so immensely glorified by being habited in Courtauld's crape that it carried consolation for desolation in every fold, and was popular accordingly. Be that as it may, some of the near relatives who assisted at the Duke of Cambridge's funeral were entirely dressed in it, and confirmed one's belief that, *moisseline versus crépon* notwithstanding, nothing so completely or becomingly dresses the part of mourning as Courtauld crape.

East winds in which the poor baby-lambs shiver, green gooseberries which make one's mouth and eyes water to look at, and sheaves of bills that usher in quarter-day are amongst the agreeable symptoms which proclaim gentle spring in this cold, grim island. Yet but a twenty-four hours' journey South and the whole face of Nature, not to add art, basks in warm, flower-filled sunshine. Here, alack, we spend the elsewhere ideal days of April and May in close conference with our fireside gods, under grey skies, within a grey encircling sea, hemmed in by grey houses, greeted by grey-faced people, just because the glorious sun is never near enough to bring colour into our colourless environment. If I were a pagan—perhaps one is, unknowingly!—I should be a Sun-worshipper. For all that represents

and oleander and hibiscus of happier climes, but not here until June at least, and then only if June retrieves her recently imperilled character and behaves with sufficient consideration for the display of chiffons that she once did. New hats are always more possible



GOWN OF BLACK SILK.

gaiety, gladness, and gorgeous colour in this worn old planet centres about the spots that are warmed by his gracious beams. Meanwhile the dressmakers light-heartedly mock us and our wrapped-up condition with ethereal creations diaphanous enough to be worn amongst the ilex



[Copyright]

A SIMPLE DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY.

and appropriate in early spring to the weather-bound islander than dresses, which really do not define the mode accurately until April is well advanced.

Extremely grotesque, too, are many of the new French hats which now arrive daily from across Channel. Some resemble a modified form of inverted bee-hive or Kaffir hut, which, raised on a very high bandeau, look very diverting; others, that are infinitely *chic*, resemble the three-cornered Claude Duval variety, but, done in crinoline, with tufts of coloured roses tucked into the corners and ribbon bows, they are very smart and becoming. The much-revived mushroom-hat is no longer so reminiscent of those dreadful females pictured by Leech in early numbers of *Punch*—the milliners have learned to drape its brim and wreath its crown so prettily. The new picture-hats, with soaring brims and long feathers curled Nell Gwynn fashion about the crown, are charming. No other word expresses them. Long Chantilly veils are now brought quite across the crown of mushroom chapeaux, lace or ribbon strings being a recently introduced addition, as if to render them still more rococo. Nevertheless, they are quite becoming and picturesque, and, unless travestied by Hannah Anne and Sarah Jane, will be greatly patronised.

The universal adoption of Bridge has greatly developed the elaboration of afternoon-gowns, which become more and more reckless and seductive. I met, one afternoon this week, a pale-grey voile, made fichu-fashion as to the bodice, from which tapering fringes of grey chenille depended. One side of the fichu was elongated to form a swathed belt and twisted round the waist very gracefully. From the end of the full "granny" skirt fell a deep fringe of uniform length. The sleeves, wide to the elbow, were tight to the wrist, which,



together with being newer, did not swish the cards about—a crime I have seen committed by many wearers of the “angel” variety sleeve, only “angel” was not what the other players would have termed them. A very pretty style of bodice, also, is the handkerchief shape, which

merely means that sleeves forming part of the bodice material fall, half-handkerchief fashion, over full under-sleeves of lace or chiffon. The effect in taffetas is very good. The distinction of this style is that the sleeve is not joined, but falls from the shoulders in graceful folds, being hem-stitched to carry out the *mouchoir* idea.

It is a good sign of the times that the once-frequent tipsy cook is being slowly improved out of the kitchen. It used to be a legend that thirsty cooks were the most skilful, but, like other ancient saws, it is now daily proved fallacious. One reason is that girls are better-educated and have other sources of amusement than their below-stairs prototypes of forty years ago; another, that employers discountenance beer, and the once-universal “beer money” is also falling into disuse. As substitutes, milk, coffee, or cocoa is allowed in most households, the latter being found especially nourishing and sustaining, particularly if it is of Van Houten's brand, which now so universally graces the breakfast-tables of the Empire.

SYBIL.



MISS CHRISSY BELL  
(DAUGHTER OF THE LATE “HENRY BEAUCHAMP”), PLAYING  
IN “THE CHERRY GIRL” AT THE VAUDEVILLE.  
*Photograph by Esme Collings, Hove.*

This trophy, won by Mr. Spencer Gollan's Moifaa, is an elaborate specimen of the silversmith's art. Upon the richly moulded base are finely modelled Cupids holding garlands of flowers, while the body of the Cup is beautifully ornamented. It was designed and executed by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of Liverpool.

The Café Monico continues to more than hold its own with the best of our West-End restaurants. In order to keep abreast with the times, various improvements have now been carried out, the Grand Dining-room and Winter Garden having been tastefully re-decorated and the arrangements of the former entirely re-organised. The kitchen and other service departments have also been remodelled.

The Gramophone has till recently been looked upon by most people as an instrument for home-entertainment. Such, however, have been the improvements made that it is now able to give an entire Concert without any outside assistance. At the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole the other day a highly satisfactory entertainment was given to an appreciative audience, the programme including songs and operatic gems sung by the greatest singers of the day, violin, cornet, and piccolo solos, and concluding with “God Save the King,” played by the Coldstream Guards Band.



THE LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL CUP.

## HAND-SHAKING À LA MODE.

[According to a Continental authority, it is never really safe to shake hands until the hands have been rubbed for five minutes with a nail-brush and soap, dipped in sterilised water and dried on a sterilised towel, and washed in a solution of alcohol and ether.]

Delighted to see you, my dear. How d'ye do?

To meet you my heart has been aching.

If you wouldn't mind waiting a minute or two,

My hand will be ready for shaking.

With the death-dealing onslaughts of microbes to cope

Our medical experts entreat us.

Five minutes or so with a nail-brush and soap

Should give a few score their quietus.

That's over, thank Heavens! But still I suspect

That premature contact would kill us.

Oh, think of my grief if, through wanton neglect,

I gave you a typhoid bacillus!

But fear of contagion will soon be dismissed,

For never a microbe I vow I'll

This sterilised water survive, or resist

A rub on this sterilised towel.

And now, that my hands may be perfectly pure,

I'll wash in this final solution.

It's ether and alcohol, dear, and it's sure,

So they say, to do great execution.

This rubbing and scrubbing is rather a bore,

But it keeps one so hale and so hearty.

My hands? Oh, my dear, they get *perfectly sore*

When I'm giving a ball or a party!

J. DOUGLAS HOARE.

## ROYAL WILLS.

The wills of Sovereigns and their Consorts are not, as a rule, published, and the Brussels lawsuit over the property left by the late Queen of the Belgians illustrates in a striking manner the advantage of adhering to this custom. Certainly the Belgian Monarchy is in some ways the most democratic in Europe; thus it is not generally known that a birth, or a marriage, or a death in the Royal House has to be entered in the district register for such events, just as if it had occurred in an ordinary humble family. The question is almost always complicated by the existence of investments made in foreign countries. Thus, the late Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar left property in England valued at more than forty thousand pounds, and, though he died in 1901, his will has only just been proved over here. But perhaps the most striking incident of modern times in connection with Royal wills concerned the very considerable investments made in this country by the late Czar. It will be remembered that the Treasury were unwilling to allow this sum to pass at the death of His Imperial Majesty without paying the usual toll in the shape of estate-duty. I believe that the law officers of the Crown then advised that the Czar's estate in this country was liable, but the Government of the day very naturally and properly abstained from exacting it.



MR. ALBERT WARD,  
PLAYING THE HERO IN “THE NEVER-NEVER  
LAND,” MR. WILSON BARRETT'S NEW DRAMA

The celebrated Hôtel Pavia in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris, has been acquired for the new British Travellers' Club, and is being decorated and furnished by Messrs. Maple and Co., of Tottenham Court Road and Paris.

Professor Johann Kruse's Second Musical Festival at the Queen's Hall is fixed for dates between April 9 and April 20. It should prove to be of very special interest, for not only has Herr Felix Weingartner been engaged as conductor, but the famous Sheffield Chorus are to make their first London appearance in works no less trying than Beethoven's “Missa Solennis,” the Choral Symphony, and Elgar's “Dream of Gerontius.” Professor Kruse's eager outlook upon all that is great and significant in musical art will bring to him the sincere praise of every musician in this country. His record will be one to admire and remember in the distant future.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 12.*

## LOOKING BACKWARDS.

IF it be going too far to say that the financial events of the first quarter of the year strike the key-note of what may be expected during the whole twelve-month, it is, nevertheless, true to experience that the early months frequently afford some rough indication as to the general conditions likely to prevail throughout the year. That this may not be so in the case of 1904 must be the devout hope of every man whose business is in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, to say nothing of the thousands of investors and speculators who regard the markets as possible channels for the increasing of incomes. For the outstanding feature of the past three months is the continuance of the lifelessness that began to creep over the Stock Exchange in 1902, with, perhaps, this difference—that the dulness of business has become still more marked, the absence of public support yet more conspicuous, than ever they were before.

## CONSOLS AND COLONIALS.

One of the many hopes unrealised this year up to the present is that which anticipated a fall in the Bank Rate. The 4 per cent. minimum was fixed so long ago as Sept. 3, 1903, and quite early this year the impression prevailed that the Old Lady might be able to reduce it to 3 per cent. Then came the accentuation of the Russo-Japanese War trouble, bringing with it apprehensions that perhaps the Rate might even be raised. Its retention at 4 per cent. over a period of time during which money was frequently much cheaper is, no doubt, due to the Bank of England's desire to be prepared for whatever call may be made upon her resources, but the Consol Market continues to talk about a reduction almost every Thursday. Other influences, however, have conspired to bring about the fall that has taken place since the beginning of the year in the gilt-edged list, of which we give a few representative examples, with the addition of a column showing the quotations on New Year's Eve in 1902—

Stock.	Dec. 31, 1902.	Dec. 31, 1903.	March 30, 1904.	Fall this Year.
Consols .. .. .	93	88½	86½	1½
War Loan .. .. .	98½	97	96½	1½
Local Loans .. .. .	100½	97½	96½	1½
India Threes .. .. .	100½	96	95	1½
Canada Threes .. .. .	101½	98½	95	3½
New Zealand Fours .. .. .	109½	106½	107	(Rise) 1½

In one respect the first quarter of the year is, so far, unique, since it has witnessed an Imperially guaranteed issue of Irish Land stock offered to the public at 87, accompanied by advantages in the way of interest and discount that reduced the price to about 86. Although the money was readily subscribed, and the Loan covered ten or twelve times over, the premium on the stock has remained low, the reason being that further issues of similar high-class nature are looked for.

## FOREIGN BONDS.

Two markets only in the Stock Exchange have any reason to be thankful to 1904 up to the present, and they are the Foreign Bond and the Argentine Railway departments. It being an ill wind that profits nobody, the outbreak of war in the Extreme East brought much grist to the mills of the Foreign Market. Bear sales and, in the case of Japanese Bonds, considerable realisation of actual stock have affected prices, not that the bears have made large sums out of their Russian operations, despite the fall in the price; the backwardations have ruled as high as 2 per cent.—two points on the price that is, and not, as some people take it, 2 per cent. per annum on the value of the stock. Here is another table based on the same principle as the last—

Stock.	Dec. 31, 1902.	Dec. 31, 1903.	March 30, 1904.	Rise or Fall this Year.
Argentine Funding .. .. .	101½	102½	103½	+ 2
Brazil Fours .. .. .	75½	76½	76½	— 0
China 4½ per cent. .. .. .	92	89½	86½	- 3
French Rentes .. .. .	100	97	96	- 1
Japan Fives 1895 .. .. .	102½	88½	77	- 11½
Japan Fours .. .. .	87	77	63½	- 13½
Peru Debentures .. .. .	77	86	94	+ 8
Russian Fours .. .. .	101½	98	94½	- 3½
Spanish .. .. .	87	88	82½	- 5½

In this Foreign Market the great danger has always been the attitude of Paris and Berlin. Both those centres remained ridiculously optimistic in reference to the situation in Manchuria up to the last moment, and, when hostilities actually commenced, it looked as though there were to be an ominous break in prices of everything with which the Continent was connected. One historic Saturday afternoon in February a semi-panic did occur, and Consols were dealt in out in the Street at 85½, Kaffirs and Foreigners also falling heavily. But the panic quickly spent itself, and, notwithstanding circumstantial rumours that a new Japanese Loan is on the carpet, the War stocks have not fallen as heavily as might have been expected.

## HOME AND FOREIGN RAILS.

Influences that have kept Consols dull through the past three months have also had their effect upon the Home Railway Market. Moreover, the dividends declared for the final half of 1903 disclosed no startlingly good results: some even were decidedly poor, although, on balance, the distributions perhaps reached the general anticipation, which had not been highly coloured in advance. Capital requirements, as usual, have proved a dead-weight on the Home Railway Market. Some of the Companies profess to have imposed self-denying ordinances upon themselves in the way of appealing for money, but the favour extended to the now fashionable Convertible Preference stocks induced several important issues to emerge, notably in the cases of the Metropolitan, South-Eastern, and Caledonian. The Tilbury preferred a 4 per cent. Preference Stock issue. Several

other railways are said to be on the point of asking for more money, and this is how the first quarter of the year has affected prices—

Stock.	Dec. 31, 1903.	March 30, 1904.	Rise or Fall.
Central London .. .. .	95	92	- 4
Great Eastern .. .. .	85	85½	+ ½
Great Northern Def. .. .. .	36½	36½	— 0
Great Western .. .. .	133	134	+ 1
London and Brighton "A" .. .. .	105	108	+ 3
London and North-Western .. .. .	145½	146	+ ½
Metropolitan .. .. .	86	86	— 0
Metropolitan District .. .. .	34	33½	- ½
Midland Def. .. .. .	63	64	+ 1
North-Eastern .. .. .	134½	133½	- 1
South-Eastern "A" .. .. .	50½	49½	- 1

In the Foreign Railway list, Buenos Ayres and Rosario have come up from 87½ to 93½, comparing with 72 at the end of 1902, while Pacifics, which were then 56½, began the present year at 111½ and are now about 117½. Buenos Ayres Great Southern last New Year's Day were 132½, and are now a few points lower at the dividend. Mexican Railway First Preference has steadily risen from 63½ to its current price of about 69½, consequent upon good traffics, the rise in silver, and the coming establishment of a gold standard in Mexico.

## YANKEES AND CANADIANS.

Until the last fortnight, the American Market had been content to more or less simmer in suspense as it awaited the finding of the Court in the Northern Securities case. When once the verdict was given that declared the merger illegal, the market leaders seized the opportunity to twist the bears' tails, and the eleven-dollar rise in Union Pacifics in a single day will probably be quoted for the rest of the year as an example of how Yankees can still jump. Singularly enough, the last day of last year heard a dealer in this market hammered, it having been supposed that he failed by reason of his bear operations in Steel Trust being unsuccessful, and again, last week, another jobber in the Yankee Market came down through having been disastrously caught a bear by the recent rapid rise. The outlook here depends, as we have already said, upon the attitude that the big houses like to adopt, and there is a general tip current to buy Yankees when they go flat.

In the Canadian Market the weather has played havoc with hopes and prices. Although the Canadian Pacific continued its 6 per cent. dividend and the Grand Trunk surprised most people by paying 2 per cent. on its Third Preference, the traffics for the first three months have been sensationally bad. Therefore, Canadas are down from 122½ to 118½, after being 142½ last year. Trunk Firsts, whose dividend next August is called in question, have sunk from 111 to 98½, and the Second Preference from 96½ to 84½. The Thirds on March 30 were 35½ as against 43 at the end of last year, and the Ordinary at 12½ compared with 14½ at the same time. Many stockholders, too, have sold because they disliked the new Trunk Pacific scheme.



## MINING MARKETS.

Kaffirs commenced the year under conflicting conditions. The principal outcrop-mines were busily declaring dividends, on the one hand, while, on the other, there was dulness caused by the Eastern news and the uncertainty regarding imported labour. As the weeks wore on and it became more and more evident that the public were not buying Kaffirs, even upon the most favourable developments relating to Chinese workmen, the market has sunk deeper each Account into the rut of listlessness. Prices have been fairly well maintained, the causes for pessimism being nearly balanced by bull points, although on the side of the former there is ranged the complete dearth of outside support. A little attention to Eastern Rand properties, a call upon the Two Million Syndicate shares, plague on the Rand, pestilence in Rhodesia, and a heavy issue of new Chartered shares at 1½—these are some of the features that remain in everyone's memory. We tabulate a few prices of shares in representative groups—

Share.	Dec. 31, 1903.	March 30, 1904.	Fall.
Anglo-French .. .. .	3½	3½	—
Barnato Con. .. .. .	2½	2½	—
Chartered .. .. .	2½	1½	1
City and Sub. .. .. .	6½	6½	—
Con. Gold Fields .. .. .	6½	5½	1
De Beers .. .. .	20½	19½	1
East Rand .. .. .	7½	6½	1
Geelong .. .. .	7½	5½	2
Geduld .. .. .	6½	5½	1
Jagers .. .. .	28½	28	½
Knights .. .. .	5½	5½	—
Modders .. .. .	8½	7½	1
Oceana .. .. .	1½	1½	—
Rand Mines .. .. .	9½	9½	—
Tanganyika .. .. .	4½	2½	2

That there should be a fall in almost every case does seem incongruous now that the Royal Assent has been obtained to the Labour Ordinance, although the operation of that Act is postponed. The only reason which can be assigned is the lack of public interest already mentioned, which itself is due largely to hesitation as to how the new broom will sweep when it gets to work.

Indian shares broke sharply upon sensational apprehensions of the mines pinching out, but more sensible counsels have prevailed to put prices back to almost their former levels. Mysore, for example, are now 6½, only ½ lower than they were on Jan. 2, and Champion Reefs, allowing for the division, are a shilling or so cheaper. Jungle descriptions have fallen heavily in several cases, upon renewed disappointment and lack of capital. Amalgamated at 2½ are 20s. easier, and Wassau have lost 10s. Ashanti Goldfields were 16 in January and are now about 3, which is equivalent to 15 for the old shares. Egyptians

have scarcely moved on the three months' working, but their rise is said to be coming, along with that of Kaffirs, "after Easter."

Thursday, March 31, 1904.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. E.—As your inquiry could not wait, we answered it on the 25th inst. by letter. The way in which this Debenture stock has been issued is scandalous, and the allotment without applications a trick quite unworthy of a decent Company.

DEVONIAN.—We suggest to you to take some risks and buy Bahia Blanca Debentures or Guayaquil and Quito Railway 6 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds. We know there is a movement afoot to put these latter up. If you want a chance of a rise, you must risk something. Buenos Ayres and Pacific or Buenos Ayres Great Southern are also good stocks. If you want Industrials, John Wright and Eagle Range Pref. or Lady's Pictorial Pref. are good enough.

CAMBRIDGE.—It is questionable whether the time has come to buy Kaffirs. We think the order should be Randfontein, Barnato Consols, and the other two on a level with Hendersons for choice.

A. J.—As you are wedded to nothing foreign and especially object to South Americans, we suggest the two Industrials mentioned in our answer to "Devonian," and Telegraph Construction Ordinary, Neuchatel Asphalte, and Sanitas, Limited. A thousand pounds spread over these five will be reasonably remunerative and fairly safe.

International Plasmon, Limited, have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax, for the half-year ending Dec. 31, 1903.

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 G.C. 2—2503 When other lips ("Bohemian Girl").  
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 G.C. 2—2778 To Mary (M. V. White).  
 G.C. 2—2779 An Evensong (Blumenthal).  
 G.C. 2—2780 Yes! let me like a soldier fall ("Maritana").  
 G.C. 2—2781 So fare thee well ("Doris"—Cellier).  
 G.C. 2—2782 The Sailor's Grave (Sullivan).

12-inch Records, 7s. 6d. each.

- 02000 Tom Bowling (Dibdin).  
 02003 I'll sing thee Songs of Araby (Clay).  
 02004 Salve Dimora, "Faust" (Gounod).



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